

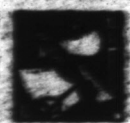
Name Three Adults on the Open-Ocean Side of The Monterey Peninsula
Who Do Not Read The CARMEL CYMBAL Now. We Offer a Prize

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 16 • No. 10

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 5, 1942

FIVE CENTS



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**WE'RE A DEMOCRACY—WITH
IMAGINATION**

Front pages of newspapers one day the past week carried headlines reading: "Milk Price Going Up" and "No Raise in Cigarette Prices".

OUR LITTLE OLIVER

Through the medium of the lady who is the Bassett French bull, by name Geraldine, Oliver has conceived the following epic which we have lent (copyright held) to Lemon's on Lincoln street as a doggone good ad for one of his flea powders:

Our little bitch
Has not an itch
Since we have lined
On her behind—
And forward decks—

PULVEX

**LET US PUT THIS QUERY
THE LIBRARY BOARD**

You now close the public library at 7:30 o'clock which is about dusk. It's still open at 7:25 and the lights are burning. Suppose there should be an air raid alarm at 7:25. You'd turn the lights out quick, but, according to the rules, those in the building would have to stay there, wouldn't they? As air raids are not brief affairs of 15 minutes duration, but sometimes stretch into the many hours, this situation might occur at 6:30, or 5:30, or 4:30, mightn't it? To get around this horrifying possibility, with Paul Prince's "twenty or thirty persons" huddled in that terrible environment, we would suggest that you close the library entirely.

**TO CLIFF AND MRS. COOK
AND THEIR PINE CONE**

Best wishes, Cliff and Mrs. Cliff Cook, and my hat off to such a display of courage. Despite my personal friendship for Carlos Drake, Francis Lloyd and my love for Elizabeth Houghton, I can't help saying that you have taken over one of two Carmel papers neither of which has displayed much excuse for existing for the past six months. While I try to make the one I got be something, you try to make the one you got be something. Bet I beatcha.

But, just between you and me and my 1100 subscribers, I say that two weekly papers in Carmel is absurd, especially at this time of economic stress and trial. I say it's an imposition on the public and on the adver-

(Continued on Page 2)

"Put the Jail in the Forest Theater," Says Rowntree; "This Is War."

Sings Here Tomorrow Night (Saturday) And He Means It; Any Yells
From the District to the
Contrary Notwithstanding



ROSS WORSLEY, young American artist, baritone, will be presented tomorrow night (Saturday) in a recital at Sun-Auditorium by the Carmel Music Society. Membership tickets will admit holders to this concert. The public may obtain tickets at the Carmel Music Society's office at the Carmel Land Company, Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde, or at the box office.

Mrs. Perry Newberry, Fred Godwin Are Candidates for Council

Two more candidates for the three places on the Carmel city council announced themselves this week.

Mrs. Perry Newberry, whose mind and heart about Carmel strike the same note in the love and service of the town as did those of her illustrious husband, let it be known among her personal friends that she would run, and Fred Godwin informed The Cymbal that he would file for re-election.

Last week Councilman P. A. McCreery announced his candidacy for re-election and William Booker said that he would run.

Candidates must file their intentions not later than noon on March 14 and the election will be held a month later, on April 14. The council, in passing a resolution Wednesday night calling the election, designated Tuesday evening, April 21, as its meeting date for canvassing

the vote, and the elected councilmen will be sworn in at that time.

The city's new eight precincts will be consolidated into two precincts for the city election. All voters in Precincts 1, 2, 3, 7 and 8, comprising the district south of Ocean Avenue, will vote at the Green Room on Casanova street, between 8th and 9th. Those living in Precincts 4, 5 and 6, which is all north of Ocean Avenue, will vote at the Fire House on 6th street.

The city election will be consolidated with the election for two members of the Monterey Peninsula Airport District board of directors, and each voter will have two ballots to mark.

Election officials at the Green Room will be Arthur T. Shand, inspector; Mary M. Dawson, judge; Jean C. Whitcomb, and Beth Sullivan, clerks.

"Put the city jail in the Forest Theater."

Them's the sentiments of Councilman Bernard Rowntree and he isn't fooling. He is, in fact, very serious about it.

As to the fact that the Forest Theater is in the residential section and that property and home owners and residents of the district might, probably would, raise a yell about it, the councilman said, at the council meeting Wednesday night:

"That's too bad, but this is an emergency. This is war! And the sooner we realize it the better. Those people are liable to have much worst things than a jail in their midst before this war is over."

Pine Cone Again Changes Hands

The Pine Cone has changed hands again.

(We're going to get a rubber stamp of that line.)

Now Clifford and Wilma Cook own it, according to a statement made by Cook to The Cymbal on Tuesday of this week.

It seems that the note at the bank on the back of which Allen Griffin wrote his name went sour on the Monterey publisher and he found it necessary to relieve Carlos and Mary Drake of the ownership of the Pine Cone. This dropped a Carmel newspaper in his lap and Cliff Cook, who had recently accomplished ownership of the mechanical equipment of the paper, made an offer for what was left of the rest of it.

So, the Pine Cone comes forth this week under the ownership and editorship of Clifford and Wilma Cook. Cliff will continue in the rear end and Wilma will function under the radiator.

ROBBIE GOING BACK TO TEACH YOUTH THE LAW

Capt. Shelburn Robison, who has been practicing law in Carmel for the past seven years, and served on the school board for the past two, will return to the chair of military law and history at the University of Santa Clara on March 18.

His law practice will be taken over by his present associate, Eben Whittlesey.

In No. 2 precinct, north of Ocean Avenue, Harry L. Clement, inspector; Alice W. Askew, judge; Clara B. Leidig and Florinda C. Holm, clerks.

Because of the airport district election, the officials will be in the money this year. They will each get \$6 from the city and \$2.50 from the airport district for their services.

The other councilmen, and a reasonably well-filled lobby didn't take Bernard's idea very seriously, but the council did discuss with all due decorum the possibility of creating an emergency police and Civilian Defense control center in the Forest Theater.

MRS. ROWNTREE SPEAKS

The matter came up after a long discussion in CD needs, precipitated by an appeal from Mrs. Cedric Rowntree, one of the CD officials, for several things, remedial and constructive. (By the way, did you ever hear Mrs. Rowntree make a speech? You should. You'd enjoy it. She says what she has to say in a manner and with a degree of intensity that borders on the eloquent. She knows what she is talking about and she doesn't limit herself to one-syllable words to put it over. She most definitely established at the council meeting Wednesday night that if there are any weak links in our Civilian Defense set-up she is precisely not one of them.)

MAY MAKE HAZARDS

Mrs. Rowntree asked the council to consider matters of importance in CD work. She suggested that something be done about marking street and sidewalk hazards so that they could be seen, and avoided, in the dark. She offered to provide volunteer painters if the city would provide the white paint for putting rings around such things as trees and telephone and P. G. & E. poles and stop sign posts. That's going to be a big order if it applies to the residential section but the council will look into it.

She wanted something done about finding an emergency control station for the police and CD in case of destruction of present quarters in a bomb raid. That's where the Forest Theater thing came up and Councilman Rowntree shot his jail sug-

(Continued on Page 11)

tisers. The man who controlled the destinies of the Pine Cone at the time you took it over could have obviated this situation, if he had wanted to. For some reason he didn't. I'm beginning to think that perhaps I'm a thorn in his side.

—W. K. B.

RETURNS AND ADDITIONS TO THE CYMBAL FAMILY

We were assured too late last week of the return to The Cymbal columns of Edith Frisbe and her pungent verse to make a note of it here and express your royal welcome. But you undoubtedly found her and were as pleased as we are. She says we are permitted to continue to dig her gems out of the deep unfathomed caves.

Besides Katie Vosburg Martin doing our advertising and chattering up our office, we've got Dawn Overhulse doing routine and things. Dawn hates routine, but we're keeping her at it principally because of our delight in the caustic comments she mutteringly bestows on every bit of publicity copy we pile in her basket—and, too, because she does things well and with the dispatch we, with our hard-boiled newspaper heart, crave so greatly. Now, if we could get somebody to take this Katie Martin person off our hands—over our mangled body anybody does

A GENTLEMAN DOESN'T HIDE BEHIND A UNIFORM

Carmel is not alone among the cities of the country in being host, particularly over the week-ends, to enlisted men on brief furloughs from the various army camps. It is not, of course, alone in complaining about some of the actions of some of the men while they are in its confines. It is not alone, either, in its fear of voicing these complaints because of an implied criticism therein of men who are serving the nation. It is not of the armed forces that there is criticism when individuals forget that they are gentlemen or forget to act like gentlemen. It is of the individuals who happen to be wearing uniforms and, at times, appear to take advantage of what immunity from civil punishment they imagine those uniforms give them. In comparison to the large number of soldiers who visit Carmel on week-ends these thoughtless transgressors are few. Perhaps that is why their discourtesy stands out and surprises.

HERE'S OUR TICKET

No matter who else may, between now and the time to file, announce his or her candidacy for council member, here's our ticket, now that Councilman Fred Godwin has decided to run, and Paul Mercurio has decided not to.

It's Fred Godwin, P. A. McCreery and Mrs. Perry Newberry for the three four-year terms on the city council beginning April 21.

We heard on good authority yesterday that Mrs. Newberry will run and we purposely didn't communicate with her to check on it. We were afraid she might say she was uncertain or had changed her mind. We don't want her to change her mind, and we have high hopes that our publication of the announcement that she is going to run, to say nothing of our announced support of her

if she does, will determine her to do it.

This is being written along near the hour of our deadline and we haven't time or space to say how delighted we are and why. But deadline or no, we must herewith declare our opinion that in Mrs. Newberry the people who have the best interests of the town at heart will have a good servant on the city council.

So, here's our ticket—Godwin, McCreery and Ida Newberry.

TWO MENACES CREEPING UP ON CARMEL AGAIN

Some few years ago the real estate dealers of this town entered into a mutual agreement not to follow the custom of their brethren in other less attractive communities and to refrain from posting real estate "For Sale" and "For Rent" signs on vacant property for which they were agents. While there have appeared from time to time such signs erected by property owners, the realty dealers have lived up to their agreement. It is therefore a pity that a comparatively new dealer, not a party to the agreement, has seen fit to go counter to its admirable spirit and its equally admirable letter. As a result some of the dealers who did sign the agreement are threatening to ask its abrogation so that they can compete with the new dealer in kind.

Such an action would be definitely to the injury of Carmel and it is hoped that some means may be reached to prevent it.

The Cymbal suggests that anyone interested in property on which there appears a realty dealer's sign enquire about it at a real estate office that is complying with the agreement. As for ourselves we shall refuse our advertising columns to any real estate dealer who uses this method of publicity.

The other menace to the pursuit of happiness in our woods is the sudden appearance of those hideous Herald boxes at gateways. If this gets to be a habit we can think of nothing worse for delicate eyesight. If the Herald thinks this sort of advertising is going to help it over here, we say we have the gravest doubts.

JUST HOW MUCH ARE WE WILLING TO PAY FOR LIBERTY?

"Where's our Constitution? Where's our liberty, if a man is pinched by the FBI because he discusses what he reads about the war in the newspapers and hears on the radio?"

This was asked of us with considerable vehemence by a sun-bather on Ocean avenue of a Tuesday this week. He was referring to the arrest of two men in San Francisco on Monday for too much un-zipping of their lips over a bar. He was belligerently shouting for the freedom of speech which our American democracy grants to us through the immortal document handed down to us by the original builders of our nation. He wanted his allotted liberty; by God he was going to have it, or else—

It occurred to us that what he's worrying about not having is something that if he and the rest of the people of this country hadn't had quite so much of for the past 20-odd years we wouldn't be in danger right now of losing it forever.

"Peace hath her victories no

less renowned than war." Yes, and peace has her promises to pay and her responsibilities. If we had started in at the beginning of the peace of 1919 not only to pay for the war that preceded it, but, which is more important, for an indefinite life for itself, we wouldn't be sitting where we are today, beginning, and only just beginning to fear that Japanese airplanes may soon be dropping bombs on San Francisco and New York and, within the realms of possibility, on Denver and St. Louis.

If we hadn't returned to an all-out on our cherished right of free speech and free assembly and free everything that God is supposed to have given us, but which we use as though we were nit-wits, Woodrow Wilson would not have been crucified to make a Roman holiday for Henry Cabot Lodge, Hiram Johnson and a few other Republicans who put their party's fortunes above their own country's. As it turned out, they put them before the world's and those men are just about directly responsible for the growth of the venomous germ that full-grown today bears the name of Adolf Hitler. And though she has been crouching for years Japan would not have sprung if it were not for the open moral and promised material aid of that same Hitler.

We are consequently faced today with a permanent loss of our liberty because we are so all-fired determined to scream about any temporary loss of it. The price liberty must now pay for its preservation is its temporary curtailment, perhaps its total blacking out. Certainly it would be better for us if we permitted our own government to black it out for a time than have a foreign power black it out forever. This is no cry of hopelessness. We'll win in the long run, probably, but there never should have had to be a long run.

It's not the democracies who, for the time being, are winning this war—not the democracies on either side. Japan is winning it in one sector, Italy and Germany in another, and Russia in another. It is our vaunted freedom that has made us soft. We need a muffled fist over us for a while, or else we'll get the angel with the flaming sword for a permanence.

The situation we face today is like none we have ever faced; none the world has ever faced.

It is a situation that must be met by measures such as we have never known before, and, please God, that we may never know again. But to assure ourselves of this we must adopt those measures and meet the issue squarely.

Liberty may be a bird in the hand that is worth two in the bush but it's not worth losing forever all the birds in all the bushes.

W. K. B.

THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE

Here we go out of our way to strew roses in the path of Ivan Kelsey, giving the public to believe that he out-Newton's Isaac, and the ink has hardly dried on that issue of the paper when he lodges a protest through six attorneys with briefs en banc. We said he caught 18 fish in the river and to make it good we said we caught 'em on Friday the Thirteenth. Now, he doesn't make any protest about the 13 days, but he raises hell about the 18 fish. Somewhere, buried down in the protest of his galaxy of barristers, is the simple assertion that it's against the law to catch more than two steel-heads, and Ivan claims he didn't.

And what do we say to that? We say, in our quiet, retiring way: "Well, all right, Ivan." If he sues for libel we don't speak to him the next time we meet him on the street and Jimmie can't slide down our cellar floor anymore, anymore.

Buy Bonds

CARMEL HITS LOW IN BUILDING PERMITS

Carmel hit an almost all-time low in building construction for the month of February, there being only four permits issued for work totalling \$2,850 in value. But February ended just two years to a month of a building boom which showed an average of \$47,000 worth of permits a month issue.

Buy Bonds

LOOK!

h. 30c
MACFARLANE'S
AWFUL FRESH
CANDY
IN BULK

3 lbs. \$1.10

Chocolate Creams and Chews
All one kind or mixed

Fortier's
DRUG STORE

Carmel

Purity Stores

MISSION AT SIXTH
Just North of City Park

SPECIALS FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY & MONDAY

All Our Meats Government Inspected

Store Hours Daily 8:00 to 6:30, Sunday 9:30 to 5:00

LEGS OF LAMB lb. **35c**

French style
RUMP ROAST, lb. **32c**

Lean plate rib
BOLING BEEF, lb. **19c**

Prime Rib Roast lb. **29c**

"Swifts"—3 to 4 lb. average
LOIN OF PORK ROAST, lb. **35c**

Boneless
CORNER BEEF, lb. **19c**

RACKS of LAMB lb. **29c**

Pure
COUNTRY SAUSAGE, lb. **25c**

FRESH PRODUCE DEPT.

PEAS fancy quality 2 lbs. **19c**

ORANGES juicy 2 doz. **19c**

DANISH SQUASH
or OREGON 2 for **9c**

AVOCADOS table size 2 for **9c**

LEMONS medium juicy 2 doz. **15c**

SPENCER'S House of Cards

Office Supplies

Ocean near Dolores

Tel. 978

Air Raid Signal To Be Changed

On the appeal of Mrs. Cedric Rowntree, head of the women workers in Civilian Defense, the Carmel city council will take immediate steps to change the black-out signal now being used and shot at us by the fire department's siren.

Mrs. Rowntree told the council Wednesday night that the fire alarm Tuesday night at 10 o'clock nearly sent half of Carmel's population to the booby hatch. She said that up to midnight her home telephone rang almost constantly, and the police and fire departments had calls from frightened citizens who confused the signal number 4-5 with an air raid alarm of 4-4.

It will be immediately determined by the council if the siren can be pinned down, as it were, and blow one continuous minute or two-minute blast as an air raid signal. Such a signal would be in conformity with the legal signal adopted by the government.

Mayor Keith Evans also announced that a Carmel defense advisory council is to be formed. It will consist of the members of the city council, representative of the Red Cross, the fire chief, chief of police and officials of the CD.

SERVICES AT CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER

At the Church of the Wayfarer next Sunday morning, Dr. James E. Crowther, the Pastor, will preach on the theme, "The Failure Of Success." Margaret Sherman Lea will play the following organ selections by Russell, "Song of the Basket Weaver," "Up the Saguenay," and "Bells of St. Anne de Beaupre." The service is at 11 o'clock. Visitors are cordially invited.

ALL SAINTS SERVICES

Next Sunday, 8 a. m., service of the Holy Communion. At 9:30 a. m. Junior Church and School. At 11 a. m. the Service of Morning Prayer with sermon message by the Rector, Rev. C. J. Hulsewe. The full Vested Choir will participate in this service. Offertory Anthem: "He Who Would Valiant Be" (John Bunyon, 1623-1688) to a setting of Wilfred Douglass. Admission Service of Choristers.

Wednesday, March 11, 10:30 a. m. Service of the Holy Communion. 11 a. m., Discussion Group under the leadership of the Rector. Theme, "The World We Seek."

Thursday, March 12, 2 p. m., weekly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary.

NIELSEN'S TO HAVE A CASH AND CARRY DEPARTMENT

Even the highest class stores can go popular on us every now and then, and Nielsen's is doing it. A new department, in which prices will be as low as you can find them anywhere is being inaugurated and you'll pay cash in this section of the store and carry away. The new department is in the meat section of the store and will be enlarged as time goes on.

SUSAN WALTERS WOULD LIKE TO GET HER GOOD COAT BACK

If you found a child's size, tan polo coat on Junipero street some little distance north of Sixth street, recently, telephone 680 about it. The coat belongs to Susan Walters who is one of the Girl Scouts working their heads off and their fingers down wrapping waste paper to be sold for CD funds. On the day of the big drive two weeks ago Susan worked so hard and got so tired that she went home without her coat. It was a brand new one, too.

Staff Assistants Red Cross Corps Is Organized

Last Thursday was "exam day" for the 33 women who have enrolled in the new Staff Assistants Corps of the Carmel Chapter, A. R. C. The examinations concluded a ten-hour lecture course, and in an other day or two members of the corps expect to receive their certificates and insignia and to be ready to go into action.

They officially opened their office Monday, March 2, in the Red Cross Headquarters of the Carmel Chapter on Dolores Street.

The corps, headed by Kit Whitman with Mrs. Thomas Mulvin as vice-chairman, will have a general registration and information desk, and members of the corps will preside at the desk six days a week, from 10 a. m. until 4:30 p. m. The staff assistants corps is a unit of women who are in a position to assist in any or all of the other Red Cross branches.

The next course for the Staff Assistants Corps will start Monday, March 9, in the library of the Sunset School at 4 p. m. Women wishing to register for work in this voluntary unit may do so at Red Cross Headquarters at the Staff Assistants Corps' desk.

Members of the Junior Red Cross are asked to take this course as it is usual for them to play a very active part in other Staff Assistants Corps all over the country. Mrs. Ernest Morehouse is chairman for the Junior Red Cross chapter in Carmel and is actively interested in the new Corps.

Names of those already having passed their exam and now on duty are:

Mrs. James Doud, Mrs. A. M. Allan, Mrs. Hannah Hobart Prince, Miss Alice L. Cresson, Mrs. Chandler Egan, Mrs. Thomas Mulvin, Miss Mabel C. Hart, Mrs. Eleanor Yates, Miss Virginia Wheeler, Mrs. William B. Gibson, Mrs. E. C. Perkins,

Tap Rooms To Get Phonograph Play

Playing of phonograph records in tap rooms up to, but not later than 10 p. m., is permitted in an ordinance given first reading by the city council Wednesday night.

It gave the ordinance first reading, but it is sort of scared about it, and, following a protest from the editor of The Cymbal, it was suggested by the city attorney that the second reading would not come up for another month—regular meeting April 8—before which the public could get organized on any protest it wants to make.

In answer to the lone protest from the lobby, or press table, Mayor Keith Evans declared that the council could not prevent the playing of phonograph records in tap rooms and to stop them at 10 p. m. was something.

The Cymbal's editor said that stopping them at 4:30 would be something better, but he didn't get anywhere with it.

So, once again Harrison Godwin puts something over. It was his idea in the first place. He said he only wanted it so that his dinner guests could have music, but you watch him.

Women May Get Motor Corps Course

A motor corps course open to qualified women students is to be offered at Salinas junior college, starting March 3, thus adding another such course to the college's rapidly expanding war-effort curriculum. Lillian Marble of the vocational agriculture department and Miss June Handley, women's physical education instructor, will have joint supervision of the course.

Composite in nature, the course will consist of such phases as standard first aid, advanced first aid and motor mechanics, the actual instruction in the latter to be carried on by Mr. Ed Graulich. In addition, there will be practice drills in black-out driving, convoy duty, map reading, and comprehensive study of the surrounding locale.

The motor mechanics part of this new study will be held from 11:40 to 12:55, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and the girls are required to complete a total of 30 hours before being

Mrs. Faith Turba, Mrs. DeWitt Blamer, Mrs. Howard Monroe, Mrs. Sidney Fish, Mrs. Claude Burbach, Mrs. Betty MacKenzie, and Mrs. Moira Brooks.

eligible for credit. Being, of necessity, only a general course in car maintenance, the following three items and their related parts will be studied: gas trouble, electrical difficulties, and tire changing.

For admittance to the course the girls must have a driver's license, a certificate of good health, two character references, and good knowledge of all traffic ordinances.

JEAN AIKEN, HIGH SCHOOL SECRETARY, TO BE WED

Jean Aiken, secretary in the Carmel High School administration office for the past year and a half, is to be married about March 28—to William Henry Toombs of Pacific Grove.

Miss Aiken, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Aiken of Santa Monica, came to Carmel five years ago after graduation from business college in that city. She is a native of St. Paul, Minn.

Toombs, son of C. B. Toombs of Pacific Grove, is a native of that city. He is about to be snaked into the army by Uncle Sam. Expecting to be husbandless for an indefinite period after the honeymoon, Jean will continue her duties at the high school where she is considered indispensable.

Buy Bonds

Katie's Alone With Some Of Royden's Paintings

Short shrift was made of the honeymoon Royden and Katie Martin were enjoying in between Royden's dentistry, Katie's job with W. K., the Fireman's Benefit, moving into a new studio, and Uncle Sam's snatching of Royden last Monday. His paintings are being taken care of by Lib Cass at the Carmel Art Gallery, Ellen Habenicht at the Sketch Box, and, of course, by his languishing bride of 10 days at their studio on Junipero and Eighth.

Buy Bonds

THE SKETCH BOX

Lincoln near Ocean

ARTIST'S SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS
Ellen Habenicht

McDONALD DAIRY

HOT PLATE LUNCH

35c

SOUR CREAM

While It Lasts

½ pint 10c

Buy Bonds

Featuring...

HOT CROSS BUNS

WITH DOLORES BAKERY QUALITY

DOLORES BAKERY

Dolores St.

Tel. 609



Handsome than ever...

The new ROGUE shirts for Spring. NEW styling, NEW comfort... and new colors that will GET you. See Rogue Rambler... Ranger... Hollywood Rogue.

Priced from 3.95

men's shop
street floor

Holman's
DEPARTMENT STORE

MARCH SPECIAL

A Thorough Wash and Lubrication Job

\$2.00

at the new

Richfield Service Station

5th and San Carlos

Butts & Gien

REPAIRING — POLISHING and WAXING
BODY and FENDER REPAIR
THOROUGH MOTOR TUNE-UP

\$2.50

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W. K. Bassett, Editor

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March 3, 1879

Councillors of Girls Scouts in Training Session

A training session of Girl Scout councillors and those interested in scout work filled a busy day at the Carmel Girl Scout House at Sixth and Lincoln last Wednesday. The program, under the able direction of the chairman, Mrs. George Smith of Pacific Grove, began with the pledge of allegiance 9:45 a. m.

Mrs. D. Flickinger gave a history of the song, "Girl Scouts Are We", which was sung under the leadership of Mrs. C. Fonteneau, with Betty Fonteneau the only Girl Scout present, playing the piano accompaniment.

Following an introductory speech by Mrs. F. V. Rukke, a symposium took place, with Miss Marie Von Kanel, official girl scout leader for the Peninsula, as chairman. Taking part were Mrs. D. Flickinger, Mrs. A. C. Miller, district chairman; Mrs. Lester Krumholtz, Mrs. E. Johnson and Mrs. J. F. Murdock. Mrs. Hugh Dormody talked on "Defense Stamps and Bonds" and Mrs. O. L. Watson on "Girl Scouting and Defense".

Round table discussions on organization and camp, with Mrs. F. C. Goodale and Mrs. Cam Puget as respective chairmen occupied the rest of the morning, after which lunch was enjoyed at Ella's Southern Kitchen.

The afternoon session consisted of round tables on the subjects of publicity, service bureau and program, the respective chairmen being Mrs. W. K. Bassett, Mrs. Chester Gillette and Mrs. J. R. Sturm.

A strong feeling of the increasing importance of Girl Scout work and the desirability to coordinate it with defense needs today pervaded the training session. Not only can the girls contribute greatly by their services, but all those who help the Girl Scouts in their efforts to live broader, more useful, more truly democratic lives are doing valuable service in national defense work.

CLASS STUDIES MAGUEY PLANT

The maguey plant, its products, and their importance in the life of Mexican people was the subject for study in the Carmel Adult School class "Our Mexican Neighbors" on Monday evening. Mrs. Sylvia M. Jordan has returned as instructor of the class. She makes much use of the large collection of Mexican things which she has in her home.

THIS THING AND THAT

Their Bottom or Mine

I hate to clamber down a flight
Of steps unknown to me, at night—
Familiar steps, I graph and plot 'em,
So's I can calculate their bottom.

—EDITH FRISBIE

Charlie Sayers' Book Is Out, And Good, Says Abbie Lou Williams

And a good job it is too. We hear that the Caxton Printers, Ltd. of Caldwell, Idaho, who published "The Book of Wood Carving" by Charles Marshall Sayers followed his preferences in the format and arrangement, even to the type used. The result is a well designed book, printed on clean paper in large clear type. Every fraction of text is well illustrated with excellent photographs by Francis Whitaker and Horace Lyon. The whole is so arranged that there is no need to flip pages back and forth; text and illustration are perfectly married.

This is also an amenable volume, so bound that it gracefully stays open at any page without being racked and pummeled into submission. A text for use in a shop couldn't have been better designed for propping open on a work bench.

It's a stimulating book. If you ever succumb to a yen to use your hands I'll give you about three Jack-Robinsons before you have found yourself a piece of Philippine mahogany and have your tools deep in the "first lesson." And once you do that you're a goner. Before you know it you will be stumbling over a footstool in the blackouts and hoarding boards of mahogany or walnut to make a chest next spring.

As a matter of fact there is nothing very new about all this in Carmel. It has been going on for years and years. That first lesson footstool is about as typical of an old Carmel house as the water pipes in the back of the fireplace. I have never heard anyone claim that this design we all started on is handsome. It looks like the misbegotten offspring of a Tudor rose and a knock-kneed spider. But as a practice piece it is unexcelled. Those innocently sprawling scrolls soon have a beginner ensnared in cutting every possible direction of the grain. And presto he knows the worst, and having conquered is a beginner no longer.

The excellence of this book is based on Sayers' ability as a teacher. A sound craftsman he is able to give precise directions for the best handling of the tools. The beginner is led by tempting easy stages from the simplest to much more complex work. But all the designs offered in the book keep within the proper limits of a good "woody" feeling.

The author has shown excellent judgment in limiting the subject matter he treats. If you want to know all the tools and techniques that can be used to fashion objects of wood, or if you want working directions for making everything from a baroque bird house to a ball and chain whittled from a clothespin this is not the book

for you. But it is the most simple, clear, and direct book on the art of wood carving that I have ever found.

In addition to easy lessons on technique the student will find here fundamental rules of good taste that apply equally well to all other crafts: adapting the design to the quality of the material, remembering function, guarding against over enthusiasm—in short, rules that should be the foundation of any art but that are all too often neglected by the writer on handicrafts.

In addition to working directions for thirty-odd designs arranged as easy lessons, the book includes directions for building a solid work bench, a helpful section on the selection of wood suitable for carving (I wish there were a bit more here about proper seasoning), and a chapter on stains and varnishes and methods of finishing. I wish there were also a chapter on the rudiments of joining.

For a text book this is a warm and friendly book. It almost speaks with Charlie Sayers' rich Scots burr.

Charlie and Cecily Sayers have deserted Carmel for the nonce. They have gone to live in the city where the pupils crowd the classrooms. But they'll be back.

—ABBIE LOU WILLIAMS

Pauline Meeks spent last week at Rancho Tulareitos, cow-gazing, sun-basking, grass-lying, and all the other relaxing things that most people with frayed nerves dream of doing.

Tides

March

	HIGH	LOW
6-1:36am	4.8ft	7:48pm 0.5ft
7-2:08pm	4.1ft	7:51pm 1.0ft
8-2:18am	4.9ft	8:46am 0.4ft
9-3:16pm	3.8ft	8:39pm 1.4ft
10-3:03am	4.9ft	9:55am 0.3ft
11-4:34pm	3.6ft	9:38pm 1.9ft
12-4:00am	4.8ft	11:08am 0.1ft
1-5:59pm	3.5ft	10:51pm 2.2ft
2-5:05am	4.8ft	12:21pm -0.1ft
3-7:17pm	3.7ft	
	LOW	HIGH
11-0:10am	2.2ft	6:18am 4.8ft
12-1:27pm	-0.3ft	8:22pm 4.0ft
1-2:22am	2.1ft	7:27am 4.9ft
2-2:23pm	-0.5ft	9:12pm 4.2ft

Moon

March

6	11:27pm	9:55am
7		10:37
8	0:34am	11:22
9	1:39	12:11pm
10	2:41	1:05
11	3:39	2:03
12	4:32	3:05

Last Quarter: March 9, 3:00 pm.

Sun

March

6	7:33am	7:06pm
7	7:32	7:07
8	7:30	7:08
9	7:29	7:09
10	7:27	7:09
11	7:26	7:10
12	7:24	7:11
moon	3 1/4 %	4 1/4 %

PERSONALITIES & PERSONALS



Evaline Diehemper left Sunday for the city of the sailing submarines, i. e. Los Angeles, where she is staying with friends for a week of fun.

Friday night, March 6 at 8:30 there will be a dance for the soldiers at the Carmel Mission. Any Carmel girls who would like to come are cordially invited to attend the affair which is being held in Crespi Hall.

Mrs. Donald Beere (Sue Shallcross) is just having more fun than anybody keeping house in her little casa on Junipero Street while Capt. Beere marks time in the army. (Heaven keep us from remarking about Beere on Draft.)

The J. Weaver Kitchens finally dragged themselves away from their Mandocino ranch where they have been spending every minute of their spare time ever since they discovered that redwoods and sunshine stack up pretty well against pines and fog—even Carmel fog. They returned home Sunday night.

Ellsworth Montgomery on Saturday night, sang softly to himself, "Darling I Am Growing Old—er," as he added another year to the fourteen that have already piled on him.

The whole affair was celebrated by cake consuming, coffee inhaling, and by a family (Continued on page 11).

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?" These words from Malachi comprise the Golden Text to be used Sunday, March 8, in all

Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts. The subject of the Lesson-Sermon will be "Man."

Jesus throws down the dividing prejudices of nationality, and teaches universal love, without distinction of race, merit or rank.—Geiklie.



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Additional Bus Service Between Monterey & Carmel

Effective Sunday, March 8, 1942

LEAVE MONTEREY FOR CARMEL

7:00 AM
7:40
8:15
9:15
10:00
10:45
11:30
12:10 PM
12:45
1:30
2:30
3:25
4:30
5:15
5:45
6:30
7:15
7:50
8:30
9:30
10:45
11:30

LEAVE CARMEL FOR MONTEREY

6:35 AM
7:15
8:00
8:50
9:45
10:25
11:05
11:45
12:25 PM
1:15
2:05
3:00
4:05
4:50
5:30
6:00
6:45
7:35
8:05
8:45
9:45
11:15

Running time 15 minutes

Bay Rapid Transit Co.

Monterey 3670

— Phones —

Carmel 40

CLANGING CYMBALS

(A typewriter doesn't respond very satisfactorily or with much rapidity to an operator with a broken wrist in a post, and that, my friends, is the reason for no new copy from Lynda Sargent this week. But a broken wrist doesn't prevent her from telephoning and so she did, and asked us if we would repeat her column of April 8, 1928, copies of said column having been sought by her admirers, she reluctantly admits, on several occasions during the past four years. So if they wanted to read it again, we know that others, who may not have seen it before, will enjoy it.—Ed.)

ASSIGNMENT—SPRING



Out of the corner of her eyes, now all but closed for the agony, she saw the great roc behind which she had concealed herself begin to move.

A few hours ago the heifer with the flat white face had hurriedly detached herself from the rest of the herd and climbed the hill. All the morning, since the pushing first began, she had been facing into a northwest wind, staring unsightful out across the sea. She had stood with her hind feet uphill sharply.

Beneath her nose she felt, rather than perceived with her eyes, the curving roadway and the passing rush of motorcars; the delicate foot of Point Lobos dipping the ice ocean; the crush of fire poppies under her right front foot; the jubilee of the Carmel river gnashing at willow and artichoke; the graze sorrel like scraped flesh on a field. Distantly, the village climbed its hill; up to the post office, down to the beach; up to the post office, down to the beach. A child's game. A rhythm; rhythm unscored, irrefragible, incorporate in itself, like this movement within her own body. The rhythm had half choked her as she bulkily labored up the side of the mountain. She had started walking all of a sudden as if she had forgotten a luncheon engagement and then remembered; as if she was a banker in a morning coat going to a directors' meeting.

The rhythm was getting terrible: You could have put your fingers on each side of her tail then and found all the muscles strangely relaxed; you could lay your ear against her belly and there would be the systolic-diastolic, the world heave and strain and settle, heave and strain. A little fear would come in you, subtly.

Out of the corner of her half-sealed eyes, the stone, rolling rolling... ah, mighty God...

They had come down a little green hill this side of Fraga... warily... behind the bitter frayed armies... Teruel, Zaragoza... warily, warily. Under the cheek-bones the food-forgotten hollow. Walking, the mother felt her loose loin muscles, loose unnourishment of any sustenance, rotting with child, slop about under the weight of the boy in her arms. Presently, warily, they came to the bodies, to the field yesterday rich in white daisy... rich today... ah, richer, fuller... The peaks of the Mt. Juste range busily wrought April aloft. But no difference. She dropped the boy, forgetting him. Remembering... hot Spain... oh mother of the little immaculate babe, the well-nourished child by God out of Mary...

is he here? Not this one. Nor this. Here, this with no face... the same old hands levelled to all hand-likeness by soil... the clothes rags indistinguishable... this might be... might be hers... her own. Well there's one way. She tears febrile hands at the rags... one way she'll know her own man... rip the buttons... lay bare... lay bare... From under the stone by his fallen head the boy sees a beetle come crawling. Sun of Spain... Valencian sun, sun going up to Lerida. April on the wintered coleoptera under the stone of it. Juste. The boy moves too quickly. The beetle scuttles under the rock again, the fact beetle unhungred.

Roll the stone away little fellow. That's it, put your thin hands against this rock, this well-nourished stuff... your head, too... push, strain. Roll it away. The stone with the fat beetle under. Strain empty belly; bleed small Catalan head. There mama, here quick... three beetles. The thin hands close... two beetles go down whole, their hard wings beating against the palate, the throat wall. One with each hand. Hurry... the other has burrowed in. Dig, little man. Into God's earth, into the warm, vernal earth, the rich earth. Quick, quick, roll the stone again... more, more. Roll it away... dig, dig... vomit up the two half-live coleoptera, vomit and dig; vomit and dig; whimper... there was another, mama... he g-got away... roll the stone...

The red heifer has begun to moan, plaintive and low. With her blank face she makes a lowing and it shivers the new tall grass and goes out through the burning Indian Paint brush like another flame; weary flame. Blue water, blue water, cease from your easement; bright ocean, bright ocean, labor with me. Suddenly there can be seen two earth-innocent hooves, just protruding; still world-clean, blown on for the first time in all life by the long thin winds on the Santa Lucias. The red heifer leans against the rolling boulder and pushes, pushes: she steps back a little and beats her hind quarters on the stone. (Now, if you could only help yourself a little, Mrs. Reynold-Elderstein. Please. Relax.) The dew heads on the red heifer's nose are hot. Spring yellow, spring yellow, join he my plaining wail: hawk circling, hawk circling, breathe me some air. The heifer can make no effort. She lies down. The racked lowing like moaning waves under the storm; cry of a Catalan wife... sound of a bullet going...

The white heifer on the Palo Corona got up suddenly. Quite suddenly. She faced out to sea. She saw the stone gain momentum, then closed her eyes shut for a moment. A second. A beating breath on time-span. When she opened them, she

turned slowly around. The calf lay on the grass, wet, inert, crushing down a few yellow flowers, a spread of baby blue eyes. Its eyes were still closed, but it was breathing heavily and shaking off its shudders, shaking the too-prisoning womb. The heifer shuddered with ecstasy, running the long rough tongue over the damp face until the eyes opened. Until the eyes opened for the first time in life: opened on the stiller siller Pacific; on the spray of Paint Brush under its dewed nose; on the beach at Carmel; on the immense egg shape of the San Francisco Bay Bridge; on the emmet, mat-laboring, pulling, hauling, sweating; on the Statue of Liberty inscrutable; on the embroglio of a Harlem brothel; on April-sweet Spain. Opened them, with wonder, on to life. Slowly, with inconceivable bliss, the red heifer ran the long tongue over the wet flanks, the creation, the promise. Out over the continents her lowing went, gentle and tender. Song of the vernal dawn, world epithalamium. Cradle song.

The rock on which she had vent her anguish had rolled away down the hill.

—LYNDA SARGENT.

COURSE IN VEGETABLE GARDENING OFFERED BY ADULT SCHOOL

Anyone interested in putting a big V in his Victory garden can learn all about successful vegetable raising by joining the new garden class to be opened at the Carmel Adult School by Mrs. Edith Brattin.

Gardening will be taught students from the ground up, (not the students, but the garden). Mrs. Brattin, a graduate of the California School of Gardening, and who has done gardening in Carmel for more than six years, is especially interested in the the practical garden. The class will be held on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. in Sunset School, room 2.

FOYER FRANCAIS ENJOYS LECTURE ON COLETTE

The Foyer Francais of the Peninsula enjoyed an interesting lecture on the writer, "Colette", given by Mademoiselle Marie Louise Dufrenois of the University of California last Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, in the library of Sunset School.

Mlle Dufrenois advised her audience to read "La Maison de Claudine", describing it as Colette's best work in which she writes of what she had loved best of all, her mother and her home. All who heard her were moved by Mlle Dufrenois' eloquence, her sensitive appreciation and scholarly presentation of her subject.

After the lecture the audience enjoyed an informal causerie and then adjourned to the Russian Inn for dinner.

WE GET \$127 FOR PAPER GATHERED IN DRIVE

Carmel's waste paper haul, staged two weeks ago, totalled 10 tons in weight and grossed \$127 in sale to an Oakland paper company. The \$30 freight cost will bring the net down to \$97. Since this first shipment Carmel has sent 18½ tons for which the pay has not yet been received, and there are four more tons in the process of bundling. The money goes for CD work.

Buy Bonds

DOWN THE COAST NEWS

John, capering across the split boards of the little brown house on Livermore ledge occasioned by the veritable Cymbal just put into my hands by the Big Sur stage driver. "It's the real Cymbal, the real McCoy! Look! Here's Bill Bassett on the first page, Dorothea's page is called 'The First Galley now. Hurrah. The Cymbals are clanging in spite of Lynda's broken wrist; that girl, there's none like her. Looky, Elspeth Frellson's got her Cracker Barrel going again! Whoops and whish, me for the typewriter and maybe I can catch the stage on its way back from Lucia with a note for The Cymbal."

At least ten divisions, regiments, schools or something of sea lions are making the point just south of Grimes Point, vocal and are a tire-worthy sight. Seems like a writer's conference, a sort of FISH "Bread Loaf" seems under way as one old patriarch after another waddles out, turns his back to the sea and harangues the rest of the sea lions, who are seated demurely in rows as though the teacher had an eye on them every minute. There are at least a thousand in the herd and one of the authentic wonder-gatherings.

During the Big Sur get-together of last Saturday there was color, drama, and a flow of reason. Paul Harlan rose out of his native shyness and harangued on fire and forest protection with the tongue of both men and angels.

Harry Hunt was heard to remark admiringly, "Well, the old son of a gun, didn't know he had it in him. We could do a lot worse than run Paul for senator, he'd certainly show up a lot of them."

Tony Fontes came down from his eyrie at the head of Big Creek, his silk neckerchief flashing almost as brightly as his colt's eye, his regal bearing proving the first holders of California were people whose descendants walk like kings. Tony's old pal, Donny Smith, the oldest cowboy of the Big Sur, or most any other place, came in with Tony, but they both seemed disappointed that there was no music, no dancing, not even a gallon to swap stories over. They left early, looking for a place where a young-hearted man might laugh—or fight.

From Anderson Canyon came Varda, Virginia, and Dexter Martin with the great kettle of stew and a will to share it with all and sundry who had forgotten to bring lunch. Varda and Dexter gave a demonstration of how an artist and a philosophical writer can make a shovel sweat in the interest of learning to build fire-breaks.

Olives are curing on the Ross homestead. Fred Smith came down from D'Angulo's mountain top with hair long enough to spite Gary Cooper on location as Wild Bill. Fred is in love—with a square two months old puppy as yet unnamed. The pup is a son of Lulu, the fire-brand who guards the Krinkle Compound, and promises to be a gay dog one of these days.

Big Sur days are packed, but the stage only makes a ten-mile trip to the south and so—hasta la vista, and worlds of luck in every venture.

—LILLIAN BOS ROSS

Big Sur, California
March 2, 1942

IT COSTS YOU BLOOD TO EAT WITH SCARDIGLIIS

Even in defense work you'd know that Reno and Virginia Scardigli would drop into some sort of a unique department. Jean Martin of Carmel in San Francisco last week, telephoned to Virginia and asked if she might have dinner with the Scardigliis. "You may," Virginia promptly replied, "If you will pay a pint of your blood for it." Jean agreed and on her arrival at the Scardigli menage she was swished off by Virginia to the Blood Bank to pay up.

Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps

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CARMEL 1939-J

ANTHONY
BEAUTY SALON
Turkish Baths
Swedish Massage
Unwanted Hair Removed
Forever
Safely, Surely, Scientifically
by Electrolysis
PINE INN GARDEN SHOP

DANCING

EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT

in the Bali Room
at

DEL MONTE

Music by Buddy Maleville and his 12 piece orchestra

The FIRST GALLEY

(Pridefully, both as a husband and an editor, I present again in The Cymal the column by "Constant Eater". In the Cymal before last April, I believed it to be one of the best columns in the paper. (It's about food—sometimes—you know.) It had a relatively large and in quality a very fine following among the readers of The Cymal. And shortly after the April collapse there came what might be justifiably termed a professional opinion. Kathleen Norris wrote Mrs. Bassett that her column was "pure—and beautiful—Americana" and suggested that she endeavor to give it a wider field by radio or through a newspaper syndicate. "Constant Eater" appears to be satisfied with the narrower field. That's her heart.—W. K. B.)

It doesn't seem so long ago that to most of us South America was only a huge vague continent chiefly full of the immense Amazon and the tremendously towering Andes.

But the words "South America" will always take me back to a certain Sunday afternoon when I was about eight years old.

I remember we were sitting in the hot sand not far from the Graves' cottage when we heard the big news.

It was a few days before the end of the season and we were talking about going back to school. Something exciting was in the air, I felt sure. Nancy showed all the earmarks of a person with a secret that was infinitely more thrilling than our usual run of seashore secrets.

This was back in the days when even little girls wore die-keys in their sailorsuits. Such novelties as short socks, Dutch haircut and summer play dresses with short sleeves were still in the future! So also, of course, were automobiles and casual scootings around the country side. Our most familiar journey was the stretch of three miles from the elm-shaded streets of home down across the open salt marshes to the yellow dunes of Plum Island, where the Atlantic ocean lapped gently in summer and pounded furiously in winter. You have to remember this to realize what a shock Nancy's news was when it was finally revealed to us.

The Graves family lived only a short block from us in town; about the same actual distance at the beach. There were four of them (not counting the baby) and four of us, very conveniently of respective ages. They remain in my memory always as a lovely family, with thick curly bronze-gold hair and straight-nosed, aristocratic faces. The mother was really beautiful, with a vivacity and charm seldom equalled. Sometimes, using the piazza of a nearby temporarily unoccupied cottage for a stage, she would entertain a group of fascinated children with songs and recitations. It was wonderful acting, we were sure, and a great treat!

But up to that Sunday afternoon we took the Graves family more or less for granted as belonging to our every-day world. They played in the tent in front of our cottage and did gymnastics on our horizontal bar; while we swarmed up the tower of their cottage and raced around their encircling piazzas.

With mystery and excitement shining out of her eyes that afternoon, Nancy exclaimed, "I'm going to ask mother if I can tell you!" and off she raced.

Returning a few minutes later she slid down into our midst in a shower of sand and announced, dramatically:

"We're going to South America to live!"

South America!

That, to us, was a bombshell. Of all the names in our geography South America seemed the farthest from reality. Even China and India were more credible. I suppose this was, partly at least, because we lived in a seaport town where so many of our friends had sea captain grandfathers. We saw in their houses ivory chessmen and lacquer boxes which formed tangible evidence of the existence of those romantic lands of the eastern hemisphere.

To the Graves children, whose father had made numerous trips to Buenos Aires in the interests of his wool business, I suppose South America was already a definite, realizable place. Perhaps, also, to my older sisters, who must have understood more about the situation. But to me, it was comparable to the South Pole in remoteness, and fearful unreality.

It was only a few weeks later that the family departed for good. I can still vividly remember that morning when we passed their house on the way to school. There was old Mr. Keyes, with his stuffy hack and his ancient rusty white horses, waiting patiently at the side door of the Graves house.

The children were bustling importantly in and out, almost too excited to say good-bye to us. We stood wistfully watching them, and then I think there must have been a little envy in our hearts as we continued prosaically on our way to the little four-room brick school house. I know I can still remember a feeling of flatness at walking along the same old sidewalks past the same old houses, with nothing more stirring to look forward to than the usual routine of school. While they, lucky family, were setting forth in a dramatic journey involving trains and ocean liners; a journey remarkable enough in itself, but with the added climactic glory of taking them to a completely new life in a strange, remote and romantic land below the equator!

Yet, we also were enriched by their going, though we lost our playmates. For South America was never again a mere colored map in our geographies. Letters with Spanish words in them—pictures of our friends eating meals in an exotic out-of-doors—presents of hollow-handled silver spoons, odd rings and carved beads—all these brought us a personal intimate share in their huge country. South America has moved out

Many Hear Stories Of First Ladies

Members of the Carmel Woman's Club filled La Ribera dining room to capacity in order to hear the historic monologues presented of the national First Ladies so expertly by Mary Waterstreet.

Dressed in exact replicas of the gowns worn by the various First Ladies of the land, the originals of which are now on exhibition in the Smithsonian institute, Miss Waterstreet presented her lines that while authentic according to documentary source were original.

The various monologues depicted Martha Washington on the last evening of the first President's administration; Dolly Madison in the Presidents Palace before it was burned in the war of 1812; Sara Polk presiding at a state dinner in the President's house; Mary Lincoln preparing for the fatal Ford theatre party; Edith Wilson administering to Woodrow Wilson the last year of his presidency; and Eleanor Roosevelt presiding at a family supper in the White House.

Of the lot, the Roosevelt impersonation caught most of the attention. With the aid of a little make up and a flexible voice, Miss Waterstreet was the present First lady to a T.

Any woman who is interested in joining the Woman's Club is cordially invited to do so. e5-R.

ED AND LIDA WARNER TO CELEBRATE ANNIVERSARY

Ed and Lida Warner are having a Fiftieth Wedding anniversary celebration at their home, 216 Park Avenue, Oak Grove, March 18, and their friends are invited to come and celebrate with them either from 2:30 in the afternoon or in the evening.

So many of us in Carmel know the Warners. They left three years ago when Ed's health compelled him to resign from the park department. They had lived in Carmel 12 years, coming here from Salt Lake City. Mr. and Mrs. Warner have travelled much and seen more, in their lives, Ed having been a college graduate in geology which required his moving from place to place.

THE CYMBAL in a house dress, but the old heart and soul back again.

further into the limelight of the world since that Sunday afternoon when it came into my life. What a fantastic dream it would have seemed could anyone then have loomed ahead to the bond which has been drawing North and South America closer together in the fraternity of the United Nations!

CONSTANT EATER

Buy Bonds

DEL MONTE
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Pilots and Tigers Abalone Stars

Sunday was a great day for Abaloners. Picking up where they left off a few Sundays ago, the Pilots beamed right through the Giants by a score of 17 to 8. Lt. Allen Knight was really on the "beam" and only allowed 19 hits, the lowest number allowed by any pitcher for the day.

The Tiger hitters really were the heroes of the day. They took advantage of getting on bases, scoring almost as many runs as hits. The captain of the Tigers, Mike Balazs, was the slugger for the afternoon, getting 4 hits for 5.

Next week's schedule calls for the Giants meeting the Shamrocks in the first game, which starts at 1:45; and the Pilots meeting the Tigers.

The team captains urge all players to be at the playing field at least a half hour before game time. It is important that players be on time in order to get the games started on time.

The Box Scores of Sundays

Abalone Games:

Pilots	AB	R	H
Wieman, c	5	2	3
Knight, p	4	3	3
Henderson, lb	4	2	3
Neill, 2b	4	1	3
Miyamoto, 3b	3	0	1
Bjornwald, cf	3	1	2
Hilbert, lf	3	2	2
Rico, ss	4	1	1
Southwell, rf	4	3	3
Shepherd, mf	4	2	3

38 17 24

Giants	AB	R	H
Severns, lb	4	2	2
Roberts, cf	4	3	3
Mosolf, c	4	1	1
Morehouse, p	4	1	1
H. Miller, 2b	4	0	2
Rowntree, 3b	4	1	4
L. Miller, ss	3	0	3
Craig, cf	1	0	1
Lawman, cf	1	0	0
Warren, cf	1	0	0
Murphy, rf	3	0	2
Harber, mf	3	0	0

36 8 19

Tigers	AB	R	H
J. Kelsey, p	5	2	2
Bardarson, c	5	3	3
Hill, lb	4	2	3
Brewer, 2b	4	3	4
Levinson, 3b	5	2	2
Balazs, rf	5	4	4
Doerr, lf	5	2	3
Yerkes, cf	4	2	3
Bell, mf	1	0	0
Burge, mf	2	2	2
Hoeser	2	1	1
Martin	2	1	1

43 24 29

Shamrocks	AB	R	H
Elias	5	2	3

Murphy	5	3	3
Lawman, c	5	1	3
Weil, cf	5	1	2
H. Hasty, ss	4	1	2
I. Kelsey, lb	4	2	2
Helling, p	4	1	2
Hodges, mf	4	1	2
Irwin, mf	2	0	2
M. Hasty, 2b	4	1	2
Nicholson, lf	3	2	2

43 15 24

SUNSET SCHOOL

MENU

March 9-13

MONDAY — Split pea soup, spinach, Spanish rice, raisin-carrot salad, apple sauce and cooky.

TUESDAY — Cream of corn soup, tomatoes, stew, orange-coconut salad, ice cream.

WEDNESDAY — Creole soup, artichokes, tamale loaf, mixed vegetable salad, apple pie.

THURSDAY — Vegetable soup, carrots, lima beans, Waldorf salad, cup cakes.

FRIDAY — Cream of spinach soup, beets, macaroni and cheese, artichoke salad, baked apple.

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Tonight and Saturday
THE MALTESE
FALCON

Humphrey Bogart - Mary Astor
and
GO WEST, YOUNG
LADY

Penny Singleton - Glenn Ford
Saturday Matinee, 2:00

Starting Sunday, March 8th
For Three Days

LOUISIANA
PURCHASE

(In Technicolor)
Bob Hope - Vera Zorkina
Victor Moore
Sunday Continuous from 2:00

Wednesday — Thursday
March 11 - 12

New York Town

Fred MacMurray - Mary Martin
and
Road To Happiness

John Boles - Mona Barrie
Evening Shows Begin at 7:00

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE MONTEREY PENINSULA CONCERT ASSOCIATION

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You are guaranteed three concerts in Pacific Grove, and possibly more. Your membership entitles you to attend all Community Concerts in other cities at no extra cost. Artists will be selected from those nationally known through their work over the Columbia network.

Headquarters: Grove Pharmacy and Chamber of Commerce, Pacific Grove; Abinante's, Monterey; Staniford's, Carmel.



Over the CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

Things are happening pretty fast up here these last few weeks, what with a brand new deputy sheriff, none other than Stewart Fackenthal, sporting a very fine bright star. His chief duties will be protecting the local residents from possible enemy aliens who may think the valley is a fine place to hatch their bad eggs, while doing care-taking jobs for indifferent out of town house owners. And Stewart says with him they'll be no apple—or star-polishing.

Fire Chief Pat Berta held an all out meeting last Wednesday evening up at the lodge for the Civilian Defense Fire Fighters where they all got together for instructions on what to do if and when. The big truck from down on the hill will be up Sunday and everyone will be instructed as to his duty if it should so happen it might be necessary to have it come up any time. It takes about twenty five people to operate it and Chief Berta figures everyone ought to know what his job might be and how to do it. As a result of last week's meeting they now have the blow-out plugs all up and down the valley connected so the truck can be hooked right up to them without delay. With Berta and Fackenthal on the job we feel a whole lot more secure.

"There's feudin' in these here hills" and we don't mean maybe. The "Martins and the Coys" of song have nothing to brag about when compared to our local youths. It seems that a couple of the girls from the valley, who go to Monterey High School, had the boldness to accept engagements from a couple of Salinas High School boys and that was a signal for fight with the Monterey swains. So the local boys fixed themselves up with bed-rolls and reinforcements of candy and potato chips and planned to spend the night waiting up by the bridge in the canyon and waylay these interlopers on their way home. But whether it got too cold or whether the city slickers from Salinas talked them out of it will always be a moot question. To date there are no broken noses to evidence any real battle, and despite the night's outing, and present mutterings from the local boys, the Salinas Lotharios are continuing to make progress while the moon shines. But the boys weren't carrying those clubs for fun—and we wonder what stopped this war from jelling.

Dad Wilmot is getting along just fine down at the Monterey hospital, and last week Mott Hitchcock sent him a very fancy bouquet of store bought flowers. Dad said it was right pretty and he was glad they were just posies and no pansies in it for him, for he plans to be up and at things right away.

One of the old "barralites," who used to grace our presence with his charming smile and genial personality, is now up

at Reno, Nevada, and is the top sneeze in whatever the army is doing in that vicinity. It is none other than Lt. Col. Leon Katsabu, who used to bring his 53rd Infantry boys on field trips up the valley every time he could find a good military excuse. They were the boys who cleaned up the back yard so nice that first time they had their dinners in the back lot behind the store. He says he likes Nevada but he still likes the valley a whole lot. Maybe someday he can get back here again.

"Little" Audrey Clay is home with her folks for a short while from Palm Springs and is sporting a very fine diamond on the right finger. But she won't say who it is or when it will be, but from the looks of things it might be pretty soon. All the women folk are oh-ing and ah-ing about the pink ribbons and lace thingamugs, and it looks like "Little" Audrey is not going in for a quick war-romance but is doing it the old-fashioned way with a hope chest and things.

Mighty Orville had a bad time a while back and he is just now getting so you can josh him about it. He started off with the read truck and first thing blew the muffler off so loud the neighbors thought it was a bomb. Then he started back from the Tulareitos, the same day, with a load of oak wood and missed his calculations on the bridge just below the Smith house and ended in the creek with the nose of the truck pretty well buried. Ed Smith and Henry Barnes got him out, but they stretched the truck about four feet longer than normal getting it pulled up on hard ground. And after he got down on the highway he heard a noise but thought it was just the lack of muffler, and when he got out to investigate he discovered he had lost his spare tire and it had rolled over the bank and down to the river bed. So that was kind of a job going down the bank thru' the brush and bringing it back up. But since tires are worth more than diamonds these days he brought it back alright. And then, just as he was rounding the corner by the stone gate what should happen but the right rear wheel came clean off and so Mighty Orville just gave up and said, well, whatever any he-man would say when his luck got to running that bad with him. It was just one of those days.

Best patriotic story we've heard for a long time is about Buddy Barnes. It seems that a week or so ago his father hauled some tourists out of a bad spot on the road and the fellow wanted to pay Henry, but Henry said no, it was only what a good neighbor would do, so the tourist said could he give the boy something and Henry said sure. Well, the tourist gave Buddy most of his change, and also a dollar bill. Buddy was very polite and appreciative about the silver, but

the dollar bill gave him the biggest thrill he'd ever had. As he aptly expressed it, "Gee, Dad I never expected to have no folding money!" So he carried the dollar bill around in his pocket for a whole week, till it looked like a rock or some other thing a five-year old boy might leave in his pocket. And when his mother took him to town last Saturday he asked could he spend his "folding money," and Coralie said yes, because it was his, but what did he want to buy with it. And Buddy said—and he did it—he wanted to buy a dollar's worth of those stamps to put in the book to help the war. And we think Buddy is a pretty fine citizen.

Mort says: They say only fools and mules work, so there must be a lot of fools in mules clothing.

—ELSBETH FRELLSON

Salinas J. C. Host To Young Farmers

The Salinas Junior College chapter of the California Young Farmers' Association will act hosts to a two-day state convention of the Young Farmers' organization Tuesday and Wednesday, March 31 and April 1, at Salinas Junior College. Consisting of approximately 30 chapters in the state, the Young Farmers' chapters are composed of young men between the ages of 18 and 31, who are engaged in farming, and who are either attending classes at a college or are being sponsored by a vocational agriculture instructor.

In attendance at the convention will be state leaders in agricultural fields and also representatives from the state vocational agricultural offices at San Luis Obispo. Slated as one of the main speakers, too, is the President of the State Farm Bureau. The various group leaders have been selected with the thought in mind to have discussions on the many problems pertinent to present day agriculture. A feature of the two day program will be a banquet Tuesday night.

The local chapter has as its president, Byron Pressley, who is also Vice-president of the State chapter, and office of vice president of the S. J. C. chapter is held by Ed Laugh-ton. LaRain Marble, jaycee vocational agriculture instructor, is the chapter advisor.

JIMMY WAS LEFT ON A DOORSTEP—AND DIED

A few nights ago a lady living in the vicinity of Sunset School, as she sat quietly reading, was startled by a thunderous knock at the side door.

Upon opening the door she found a well-wrapped bundle on the doorstep with the following note lying on top: "Please take care of him as I have not enough money to support him. He is one day old. His name is Jimmy."

The bundle was unwrapped and Jimmy has been given tenderest care. The note was apparently written by a left-handed person, but investigation has as yet disclosed no other clues as to the identity of the person leaving it.

In spite of all due care and love lavished upon him, Jimmy is already dying. He was only a beautiful big calla lily.

Japanese Here in No Money Need

Only two Japanese families out of the hundreds who had to leave the Monterey county restricted area required financial aid, said Dr. Margaret Swigart, speaking to the Women's Auxiliary of the Church of the Wayfarer on Tuesday. These were a bed-ridden old woman who for many years had supported herself in Monterey as a cook, and a paralyzed man. The Japanese themselves especially the Nisei, the American-born, took the initiative in managing and financing their migration.

Of these Nisei there were about 800 men and 500 women in the county, but many have gone now with their families. One young woman went to San Joaquin county, found work in the delta agriculture region for 80 men, then supervised the moving of the families, including her own, with no difficulty to the state authorities. Most of the Monterey Japanese have had two occupations, making the change rather easy. During fishing season they were fishermen, and when that work shut down, they went inland and hired out as agricultural workers.

Dr. Swigart told how the Nisei assisted voluntarily in Mrs. Hill's office, getting out the moving permits which every alien had to have, helping with Italian and German permits, as well as Japanese. The Japanese-American Citizens' League in their quarters lists of the living quarters of their nations and where they had moved to, making them available to the civil authorities for their records.

Many of these Orientals moved to Salinas, San Jose, or the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley, even at considerable inconvenience and expense through it all, according to the speaker, they have been awfully good sports, recognizing the necessity of the order and making very little complaint, even their houses were searched. Uniformly they reported the F. B. I. men as very considerate in carrying out this duty.

JOHN CATLIN WILL BE 71 NEXT THURSDAY

John Catlin will be 71 years old next Thursday. He's carrying around with him a pre-birthday present—a compact radio measuring 9 x 3 3/4 x 3 3/4. He says it's the first one he ever owned. John told us that while he came here to live only a mere 20 years ago, he remembers coming here with his mother in 1876 and he says the present Carmel site was a big ranch and that there was a ferry across the Carmel river.

THE CYMBAL in a house dress, but the old heart and soul back again.

Buy Bonds

—BUD LANDER

AUXILIARY FIREMEN ARE NEEDED IN CARMEL

Men are wanted! Any men from 17 years of age up for Auxiliary Firemen. Register at the Carmel Fire House. Instructors in the fire department will teach you how to handle small fires without having to call the main equipment. And at the same time you will be trained in the handling of the regular equipment. Be valuable citizens, fellows, and sign up now!

THE CYMBAL in a house dress, but the old heart and soul back again.

BUYING TIRES BY THE GALLON



Not far from here there dwells a Man who is very enthusiastic about automobiles.

Oft and again of a Sunday morning the neighbors see him tinkering on or about the family car.

One day the Man heard that rubber is being made with petroleum.

This startled him all out of alignment. He wondered if it would get so a body will drive up and order five gallons of tire.

The more he thought of the idea, the less he thought of it.

"Great Scot," he exclaimed. "If tires are made out of high-powered gasoline, what will happen? Suppose I get a puncture—I take off the wheel and right away the wheel's liable to take off.

"Next thing I'll be chasing my size down the street—or vice versa."

At length the Man could stand it no longer. He drove to a Shell Dealer's Service Station and said: "Say, what is going on here?"

Hearing the story, the Dealer explained that Shell Scientists are constantly developing all kinds of things from petroleum.

The Man was actually speechless, and said so.

"Yes," continued the Dealer, "and you motorists can benefit by this scientific research because it results in better and better Shell Products."

The Man grew awful enthusiastic. "The day may come," he cried, "when petroleum will make everything on a car—except maybe the payments."

LAST THREE TIMES
DENNY-WATROUS MANAGEMENT presents
The Troupers of the Gold Coast in
"THE FORTY-NINERS"
Old Melodrama with Olio
Directed by Ronald Telfer
Friday, Saturday, Sunday March 6, 7, 8
FIRST THEATRE, MONTEREY
Tickets 55c and \$1.10 at Staniford's

We Hope Highland Cliff Dwellers Will Take Note of This One

(We found this in the editorial basket this week. If we were told where it came from we have forgotten. We like to think that it originated in the mind and heart of one of the watchers of the skies down at Carmel Highlands and that all the well-heeled cliff residents of that district read it. Some little time ago these Carmel Highlanders were not very responsive to an appeal for funds to erect a shelter for the observers who are serving in shifts for 24 hours a day. Those who refused to contribute to the fund should be heartily ashamed of themselves and this verse should help to heap more shame on them.—Ed.)

ODE

(Written on an Observation Post)

So here I am, with frozen toes,
With icy fingers, dripping nose;
We're at our post at dawn each day;
The job's not much, but Gee! what pay!

We pace the road and scan the sky
To see each plane that comes to fly
Above our station and O. P.
It may be ours or enemy.

And as we pace, back in our mind
Our home, and what we're sure to find—
Cobwebs, dishes, work to do;
Washing, ironing, baking, too.

I wonder can we meet the test?
You bet we can—we'll do our best!
For we will get the highest pay
For all the work we do each day.

We love this land—each rock and hill
We'll help protect as others will,
To have this privilege to aid;
To help prevent just one air raid.

To serve our people; keep them free—
That's pay enough for you and me.
And through these days of stress and strife
Our part may help to save one life.

This knowledge brings an inner glow
That permeates us, even though
We're standing here with frozen toes,
With icy fingers, drippy nose.

We're grateful we can serve each day.
The job's not much, but GEE, WHAT PAY!

GARDEN GLEANINGS

by Plantsmith

Today's column is going to be a sort of flag-waving affair, only the flag is going to be of the same breed one encounters along the highways now and then, and may indicate anything from "caution" to "proceed at your own risk."

The Victory Garden campaign has gained so much momentum in the past few weeks that no petunia-on-the-window-ledge apartment house gardener has failed to feel the optical impact of the propaganda, much less the hard-bitten, dirt-under-the-fingernail variety. So a warning of pitfalls ahead seems in order.

One must realize first of all that vegetables require a very rich, loamy soil and plentiful amounts of water. Now I have seen soil around here that is far from being either rich or loamy. So poor, in fact, that I doubt one could raise even a modest disturbance without the use of weedy words. Pine and oak roots contribute their share in keeping otherwise good soil in a thirsty and unfertile condition. You may think that that 70 foot pine tree 25 feet from your garden plot can do no soil-robbing but you're wrong. The chances are that the roots reach out fifty or more feet in every direction from the trunk. And just the moment you fertilize and water any spot within that zone you're ringing the dinner bell

for a pine dinner. The vegetables can have the crumbs.

This condition is not serious for flowering plants for the simple reason that such restriction of plant food and moisture tends to force plants to bloom. Vegetables, for the most part, are of a leafy habit of growth and their succulence and palatability depend on rapid, unrestricted growth.

Continuous use of a plot of ground is bound to result in depletion of essential plant food elements. Many of these used-up elements are not replaced through the use of ordinary fertilizing materials, which may mean that food plants do not contain all the vitalizing qualities ordinarily claimed for them. A good example illustrating this point came from New Zealand some few years ago. Sheep throughout the island suffered from a disease similar to anemia in humans. Pasturage was excellent and scientists were at a loss as to the cause of the trouble until some one discovered a total absence of cobalt in the soil. This element was applied to large areas of known deficiency, the grass picked up the cobalt, sheep ate the grass and presto, no more pale-faced anemic sheep.

The moral to this little sheep tale is self-evident: if the vegetables you grow are going to be crammed full of "V's" (Vim, Vigor & Vitality) so you can

Cunningham Will Teach Life Class

John Cunningham, now filling the place of Hayden Martin in teaching life drawing for the Carmel Adult School, Martin entered the army on Monday of this week, after a most successful year with the class. Cunningham is director of the Carmel Art Institute which he will continue. The life class meets on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in room 12, Sunset School.

One of the best known of Carmel artists, John Cunningham holds a master's degree in art from the University of California, has studied in Paris and Berlin, taught in Europe and America.

The class attracts both beginners and master painters who welcome the opportunity to practice, try out new forms, compare ideas, and improve their techniques.

'Maltese Falcon' at Carmel Theatre

Tomorrow and Saturday Carmel Theatre will offer the Humphrey Bogart-Mary Astor thriller, "The Maltese Falcon," one of the season's top mystery yarns; the second feature is a parody Western entitled, "Go West, Young Lady," which is guaranteed for a laugh a minute. Penny Singleton leads, supported by Glenn Ford and Ann Miller.

The piece de resistance at Carmel Theatre for the coming week is "Louisiana Purchase," starting Sunday afternoon for a three day run, and described by what appears like a slightly wacky press-book gagline writer as "a star-shot, sweetie-bespangled, son-studded carnival of music and mirth!" Be that as it may, "Louisiana Purchase" is beyond question a gay Technicolor spectacle filled to the brim with hilarity and a happy brand of music. Bob Hope, Vera Zorina and Victor Moore are given top billing, but the film boasts a score of first-string entertainers.

Next Wednesday and Thursday the principal feature film will be "New York, Town," a comedy drama co-starring Fred MacMurray, Mary Martin and Robert Preston. The picture demonstrates the possibility of living in the world's biggest town on an income of nothing a week, though not without complications of a hilarious nature. The second feature will be "The Road to Happiness," a pleasant little story presenting John Boles and Mona Barrie.

HERE'S A NAVY SECRET ABOUT LOUIS CONLAN

Here's some navy information we can't keep our lips zipped on and the Japs can make whatever they want to out of it:

Louis Conlan has arrived in Honolulu and he's driving a he's driving a garbage wagon.

Lorita Baker Vallely, declared by many who have the right to say it to be "one of the most astute thinkers in the West," will review two books of unusual importance to the times at Hotel Del Monte next Tuesday afternoon at 3:15 p. m.

be ditto then surely you must lavish more thoughtful care and attention than you've ever given your prizest petunia or camellia.

We Are Deeply Grateful for Everything Here's Something for the Cliff Dwellers Of the Highlands To Take a Slant at

I am deeply gratified; I am even mystified; I am definitely stunned by the apparent joyful reaction to my return to the editorial desk of THE CYMBAL. The reaction has been spiritual and that, of course, is what I should be the most thrilled about, but it has also been material which, according to the rules and regulations of my bank, tickles me no end. There have been dropped into THE CYMBAL box at the post office, walked up to me on the streets and leaned over the Dutch door of our office enough encouragement and expressions of good will to keep me going forever, almost despite the exactitude of Jack Abernethy. It just isn't possible to print all the letters we received, but I print the following from my good friend George Hedley so that you can get the drift of what we've been getting and at the same time get some satisfaction yourself out of it.—W. K. B.)

There is little we've seen in the paper of late
But is loaded with horror and pain,
And the world that we love's in a horrible state—
But Bill's got THE CYMBAL again!

Though the rubber is rare and the sugar is shy
And the dumbness of Congress is plain
There's a triumph to shout to the uppermost sky:
That Bill's got THE CYMBAL again!

And there's Oliver, Lynda, and Oliver's ma,
And the rest of the glorious old train,
And the blessed red whiskers of Oliver's pa—
To illumine THE CYMBAL again;

Dear Editor: Sir! Kindly hearken the cheer
As we cancel our recent disdain:
Our subscription won't die at the end of the year
Now that you've got THE CYMBAL again!

—HELEN and GEORGE HEDLEY

What Precinct Do You Live In?

Do you know that there are eight voting precincts (for county and state elections) in Carmel now, instead of five? County Clerk C. F. Joy has sent the new alignment to Suides Van Brower, Carmel city clerk.

So now, if you live anywhere in Carmel south of the center line of Twelfth street you're in Precinct No. 1. If you live between the center lines of Ninth and Twelfth streets and west of San Carlos, you're in No. 2. If you live east of San Carlos and between Ninth and Twelfth, or east of Junipero between Ocean Avenue and Ninth, you're in No. 3. If you live north of Ocean Avenue and east of Junipero, you're in No. 4. West of Junipero and north of Fourth, No. 5. Between Fourth and Ocean Avenue and east of Junipero, No. 6.

Between Ocean Avenue and Ninth and west of Lincoln, No. 7. Between Ocean Avenue and Ninth and Lincoln and Junipero, No. 8.

THE HILBERT BATTING AVERAGE

We met Harry Hilbert at the Carmel Dairy last Tuesday. Not long ago his chest was out, vest bulging with cigars. So we said: "Hello, Papa." He turned on us with weariness in his eyes. "Yeah? There were 22 Sunday, 16 before I left for the bank yesterday, and 17 this morning." He had hot-water shriveled hands, but there was a beam of joy in his eye just the same.

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Delivers: 10:30, 11:30, 2:30, 4:30

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Variety of Frozen Fish for the Lenten Season

DELIVERY SCHEDULE:

Carmel—10:00 and 3:00
Pebble Beach—10:00 A. M.
Highlands—Tuesday, Friday, 2:00 P. M.
Carmel Valley—Saturday, 2:00 P. M.

Dolores Street opposite Western Union
Telephone 300 and 304

It Was "Super Colossal," So Critic Says Of Firemen's Annual Variety Show

The Firemen's variety show last Friday was superb, colossal and swell. This you could hear on any street corner or at the post office any day or any hour since. To Billy France goes the lion's share of praise for this and three previous annual benefit shows.

Only sweet charity, it seems, can bring all of the stars out in one night. We were reminded of the Red Cross benefit in New York the year of the Mississippi flood when Noel Coward was master of ceremonies for a galaxy of stage, screen radio and concert artists, the total of whose appearances would have cost a cool million. In a small way Friday's performance was like that. Actors, singers and dancers represented every group on the Peninsula and Salinas made its contribution in the form or forms of the G. Darwin tumbler, Haroldine Vahan, Eddythe Smock, Beverly Andreason, Gloria Beneich, Ira Corpening, Alfred Gunn, Bob Wray, Lloyd Trine, and George Fitzsimmons.

Aside from the spell of friendly charm cast by Lloyd, Master-of-ceremonies Weer, it was nice to have him there to divide the program from the 31 ads. Sweet charity again raising her beautiful head or did the firemen threaten to let their shops burn down? You know what they say about the tickets for the policemen's ball.

Lloyd has steadfastly refused to lend his talents to any performance for months and his return to the stage was an event for his fans who are legion. He is to be forgiven for re-telling the one about the meter-reader because it is still funny. Don't tell me you didn't hear it before. By Ford and Lee Crowe were planted in the audience. Of this we are sure because they talked all of the time Lloyd didn't, which is one of the charms of the local theater.

In the person of Peggy Fitzgerald, who is known professionally as Margaret Mather, we have an important modern dancer. Her solo work was the high spot in Friday's show. The group under her direction was part of Ruth Austin's students. The patriotic finale was by June Delight's tapping chorus. Katie Vosburg Martin appeared briefly with a (pleated) accordion and two waste baskets which she used for shoes. The man in the modern dance group was Dick Boone who also recited with gestures the Anne Bolin classic.

Eddie George departed from his First Theatre character and sang, quite seriously, "Hills of Home" and a lively encore. And somewhere on the program, between Steve Patterson's Chop House and Graham's Original Dime Store, two singers, both genuinely enjoyable, sang. They were Rachelle Doree and Norma Wiley. The latter sang a composition by her accompanist, Leonard Cooper. Carolita danced two lively Latin numbers. The Louise Welty-Bob McMenamin dance team was scheduled but for some reason Bob couldn't be there so a little lad with red hair performed a soft-soled miracle.

The Hawaiian Medley Trio, comprised of Marjorie Weremuth, Pat Shepard, and Nancy Covert, is just too good to be

local talent. Bill Huggins is their guitar accompanist—between football games. Jean Humphreys, who also dances, and Douglas Hume were the only actors in a little play which ended in a cloud of smoke for the benefit of the firemen present.

We have left out some names like those of B. F. Dixon, Susie Duvall, The Hildebrands, Rhoda Johnson, Paul Clemons, Dan Welty, Wallace Doolittle, Frank Dickinson, Kraig Short, Betty Rae Sutton, Mima Williams, June Delight's daughters, and many others who helped back stage with costumes, lights, properties and the thousand and one things that make a show what that one last week was: a masterpiece of friendly co-operation and a success. For these omissions we are genuinely sorry.

—P. M.

"The 49'ers" Shows For Last Time This Week-End

The Troupers of the Gold Coast go into their final showing of the ancient melodrama "The Forty-Niners," this Friday, playing tomorrow night, Saturday and Sunday nights in the First Theatre, Monterey. Much appreciation has been expressed to the Management and to the merry First Theatre actors for keeping the Theatre open during this historic winter of 1942. Hitherto, during the winter months, the First Theatre has played, for the most part, only on holiday week-ends, sometimes more than a month going by without a show. Since January 1, 1942, with a single exception, the Gold Coast Troupers have provided hilarious entertainment every week-end, the First Theatre having become, behind its darkened windows, a brilliant light of amusement and spontaneous laughter that draws audience not only from all over the Peninsula, but from a large out-of-town area.

"The Forty-Niners" has been a riotous success, and it is with regret that the Troupers "fold" it away next Sunday night. But "Deserted at the Altar" will open March 19, with all that its title promises. Too much credit cannot be given the First Theatre director, Ronald Telfer, for the professional productions, and excellent acting which he is getting from the talented Troupers.

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Carmel Music Society presents ROSS WORSLEY

Young American Artist
Bass Baritone

SUNSET AUDITORIUM

Sat. Eve., March 14 - 8:30 P. M.

Popular Priced Concert

Tickets 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50 plus tax

Box Office open daily 11 - 4:00 from Monday, March 2

Carmel Land Co., opp. Library, Ocean Ave. Tel. 62

Season subscription admits to Worsley Concert

CARMEL HI WAYS

Carmel High School will hold a swimming meet at Del Monte plunge on Monday, at 4 p. m. Students have trained for eight different divisions under the direction of Miss Leila Gilmert, and Coach George Mosolf.

Events will be as follows: breast stroke, free style, backstroke, relay, medley, stunt race, clowning, and diving. There will be approximately two entries to each event. Admission will be 15 cents with student body cards, 25 cents without cards.

Miss Edlen, Carmel High School's newest teacher, has done wonders with the drama classes. Friday, Feb. 20, her fifth-period class presented a program for a select few.

The program consisted of scenes from three different plays. The first scene from "School for Scandal," starred Jim Jensen as Sir Peter and Rosemary Powell as Lady Teazle. Scene No. 2 was from "Swing Fever" and starred Eva Camacho as Mrs. Gimm, Ray Kalfus as Grandpa, and Jim Kelsey as Alex. Stanley Ewig, Jo An Thorne, and Sandy Hook gave fine performances in a scene from "June Mad."

The whole cast is grateful for the scenery which Jim Kelsey made with the assistance of the shop classes.

The room was filled to capacity and the whole audience enjoyed the show.

Does a Record Dance sound new to you? Well! it is. It is a brand new idea.

The purpose is to restock the high school record supply with the latest tunes. You are requested to buy your record at Lial's Carmel Music Shop. Please check with the clerk there on what to get to prevent duplications, for she is keeping a list of records sold to the high school students. Be sure to buy your records at Lial's. They are the only ones keeping this list. Don't duplicate records.

We are expecting a record-breaking crowd, but don't try it, or you'll get thrown out on your ear.

The Carmel High School Junior Red Cross is preparing an assembly to be held on Friday, March 20.

The speaker for the day will be M. C. Schafer, director of the Junior Red Cross for the Pacific Area. The high school is very happy to secure an excellent authority. His topic, "Junior Red Cross in a Junior-Senior High School," promises to be very interesting and cer-

tainly, a very timely subject.

The high school Junior Red Cross is the most active organization in the student body. During the past weeks this organization has raised \$30.96 for the Red Cross War Relief Drive and some 200 books for the Victory Book Drive. This work was carried on by Harold Jones, Rosemary Powell and Grace Penha, three active high school students.

Forum To Have Home Defense Discussions

A special series of Carmel Forum meetings "In Defense of Your Homes" is announced starting this Friday, March 6, at 8 o'clock in Sunset Auditorium. The meetings will be sponsored by the Carmel Post of the American Legion, with the Civilian Defense and other local organizations cooperating.

At each session a series of British war films will be shown, those for this week including: "Stop That Fire," "Mr. Proudfoot Shows A Light," "What of the Children," "Fighting Incendiary Bombs," and "Alert in the East." Robert A. Norton, former Carmel police

chief, will talk giving some of the things that he learned at a Civilian Defense School which he recently attended, and there will be a demonstration of burning magnesium and of the way that a magnesium bomb looks and works.

Three other similar sessions will be held on Friday, March 13, Saturday, March 21, and Friday, March 27. Each will include pictures, demonstrations and short talks by people with special information. Carmel Forum sessions are open to all the public, without charge.

Our doctrine of equality and liberty and humanity comes from our belief in the brotherhood of man, through the fatherhood of God.—Calvin Collidge.

LATE FOR WORK?

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NO WAITING

NO PARKING

NO WALKING

24-Hr. Service

CARMEL

15 or 95

Meet Me at **Sade's** for Cocktails

Dining Room open 11 a. m. till 2 a. m.

Nationally Known for Its True Carmel Atmosphere

A LITTLE LATE,
BUT ARDENT

**CONGRATULATIONS,
BILL BASSETT**

MR. AND MRS. J. WEAVER KITCHEN

**THEY CAN
HANDLE
THE TOUGH JOBS**



The men and women in the Bell System are used to meeting emergencies and they are trained and equipped to carry on in times of special need. For years they have known the test of fire, flood and storm. That experience stands in good stead in this greatest emergency of our time. The Nation is counting on telephone workers to prove faithful to the task and they will not fail. Always before them is the tradition that the message must go through.

Your dollars will help win the war—buy Defense Bonds

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Picture of Social Re-Adjustment in Germany in 1933 as Martin Flavin Saw It

The building is one of those low, wooden, war time structures, thrown together hastily and carelessly for a soup kitchen and afterwards abandoned. The exterior is paintless and ugly. Inside it has now been cut up into many rooms of varying sizes divided by new looking, head high partitions.

In one of these rooms a middle-aged man is upholstering an aged and decrepit couch. His hands are deft and quick and it is evident that he knows his business. There is nothing unusual about this man except the fact that he is working in his stocking feet.

In an adjoining room another middle-aged man is tacking new soles onto a pair of aged and decrepit shoes. He too is deft and competent. The shoes belong to the upholsterer and the couch belongs to the cobbler. In short these jobless proletarians are exchanging labor.

The one-time soup kitchen is now a Proletarian Co-Operative sponsored by the Social Democrats. It's quite new, the first one of its kind, and frankly an experiment. The present membership is forty three. The idea is simple enough: the direct exchange of labor. Its practical application in a capitalistic system remains to be determined.

The German dole which varies on a complicated scale from 36 cents per day to 72 cents per week, may, on wide stretch of the imagination, keep body and soul together but obviously it can do no more. It cannot mend a pair of shoes nor wad a couch nor patch a garment

nor cut a head of hair, nor fix a balky radio nor comprehend a hundred things which constitute aesthetic values in the German life. And so—co-operation.

There is a shop for carpenters, and there is machinery in the place, lathes and motors and the like—pretty desperate looking stuff—donated by sympathetic shops, but not far from the scrap heap. There is a battery of typewriters by which perhaps a proletarian poet might change a sonnet for a hair cut. There is a barber chair. The erstwhile soup vats have been converted into laundry tubs and one can exchange something for the family wash. There is a paint shop with donated paint. And there is behind it all a complicated scheme of labor valuation and vocational balance. Work may be done for credit against future need or need supplied against a debit.

I wandered back to the upholstery shop. The couch was finished; so were the shoes. The upholsterer was regarding them through steel rimmed spectacles with what seemed to me a critical and disapproving eye. He looked at the couch and touched it with his hand, a gesture of pride and of affection. And he put his hand inside a shoe and felt around, and sighed and shook his head. It was as if he said: I am an artist, but this cobbler—humph! Perhaps provision has been made for these things, too. I did not ask about it.

Berlin —MARTIN FLAVIN
Feb. 15, 1933



New hours: Weekdays, 10 - 7:30; Sundays, 1 - 5.

"The Dust Which is God" by William Rose Benet. An autobiographical novel in verse by the well known poet.

"Free Speech in the United States" by Zechariah Chafee. Summarizing his previous book on free speech up to 1920, the author continues with discussions of cases against Communists and I. W. W.'s of Supreme Court decisions under Chief Justice Hughes, and the recent alien and sedition act of 1940.

"Backbone of the Herring" by Curtis Bok. The fictional form, this book relates the histories of a number of legal cases and interviews with them mediated and observations on justice by the presiding judge.

"I Bought a Mountain" by Thomas Firbank. Story of the development of a sheep farm in Wales, with descriptions of the Welsh farmers and the beauties of the farm and surrounding country.

"Mr. Churchill" by Philip Guedalla.

"The Book of Wood Carving" by Charles M. Sayers.

"A New Atlas of China" by M. Rajchman.

Fiction: "The Secret Son" by Sheila Kaye-Smith; "Nayar" by Miguel Menendez; "Rendezvous" by Alec Hudson; "Attack in the Desert" by Michael Home; "Envious Casca" by

Georgette Heyer; "Murder with Southern Hospitality" by Zenith Brown (Leslie Ford) "Comstock Lode" by Tom Curry; "Last Laugh, Mr. Moto" by J. Marquand; "Miss Bronska," by Gene Henry; "A Losing Game" by F. W. Crofts; "Bride of Glory" by Bradda Field.

Lieut. Connell Finds A Clever Artist In The Ranks

Lieut. J. K. Connell, public relations officer at Fort Ord and husband of the fascinating Polly, has a find in a private over there who turns out to be a commercial artist of considerable dimensions. He is Pvt. Arthur D. Green and he's done a job of poster work, on the

"SCOOP" WANTS TO STAGE FOREST THEATER SHOW

Mike Monahan and Rod De-war, editors of The Scoop, the juvenile newspaper that is at times much more than juvenile, in its handling of news and editorial comment, have applied to the city council for the use of the Forest Theater for a "program of skits". The boys, according to Councilman P. A. McCreery, who interviewed them last week in the matter, are rather indefinite about their program, the date on which they want to stage it, and whether it would be in the daytime or at night. But they insist that there shall be no adults present. The council Wednesday night, when the application was read, passed the matter up to McCreery with mild suggestion that he'd better be one adult present if such a program were staged.

Hawaii Thanks Us For Red Cross Aid

As further proof of what the Carmel Red Cross is doing to alleviate suffering in the parts of the world that have felt the sweep of war, here is a letter received by Dr. G. H. Taubles, chairman of the Carmel chapter, from A. L. Schafer, manager of the Pacific Area.

"Mr. Robert Shepard, chairman of the Honolulu chapter, has asked that we inform you that garments and surgical dressings from your own chapter, together with those from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Palo Alto, Glendale, Santa Barbara, Walnut Creek, Alameda and San Mateo, have been received in Hawaii, and are being used to meet vital needs there. He further requests that the deep appreciation of the Hawaii chapter be extended to you. You will doubtless wish to pass this on to the volunteers whose services have made these supplies possible."

"Zip Your Lip" angle, that delights the lieutenant and will you when you see it in colors around the Peninsula. The design, conceived and executed by Green, is one of the best we have ever seen in the ultra-modern manner. It's going to go on trucks and be displayed by business houses. Watch for the guy drawing a zipper across his lips.

Buy Bonds

PLAN YOUR 1942 SAVINGS PROGRAM NOW

3 1/2 %

Current Interest Rate Paid



CARMEL BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

OCEAN AVENUE - TELEPHONE 63

Everyone's Starting Gardens Now!

Help Yours Along With

CANADIAN PEAT MOSS AND FERTILIZER

PLAZA FUEL CO.

For Deliveries - Call Carmel 180

P.T. A. Flower Show and Sale Sometime This May

Mrs. Horace Dormody, in charge of the P.T. A. flower show scheduled for sometime in May, announced that the following people will make up her committee: Mrs. C. E. Casey, pelargoniums; Mrs. Victor Graham, geraniums; Mrs. E. M. Seifert, shrubs; Mrs. J. B. McCarthy, fuschias; Mrs. Marshall Carter, ivy; Mrs. G. A. Moller, succulents; Mrs. B. H. Corey, kitchen garden herbs; Mrs. Curtis Gorham, miscellaneous.

The flower show and plant sale in which everyone is invited to participate, will be held as a fund-raising project, ten per cent of which will go to the Red Cross.

Persons who wish to donate rooted cuttings are asked to plant them in small cans or pots if they can be spared. Those not sending plants are asked to save small tin cans (tomato sauce and soup size) and send them to the Sunset school where they are being col-

lected. Further information can be received by telephoning Mrs. Fran Timmins, 303, or Mrs. Horace Dormody, 340.

Mrs. Vivian Christensen and her daughter, Alice, were two of the many who took part in the exchange of visitors carried on between San Francisco and Carmel every vacation. They spent an entire week giving the city a thorough going-over.

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel

Monte Verde Street, One Block North of Ocean Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Service 11 a.m.
Wednesday Eve. Meeting 8 p.m.

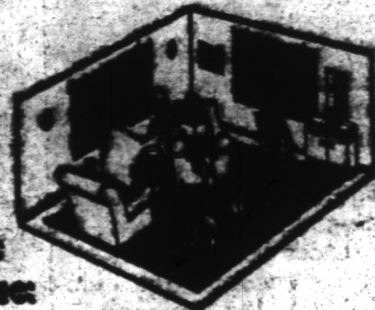
Reading Rooms

Ocean Avenue, N. Monte Verde

Open Week Days 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Open Every Evening except Wednesday and Sundays, 7 to 9 p.m.

Public Cordially Invited

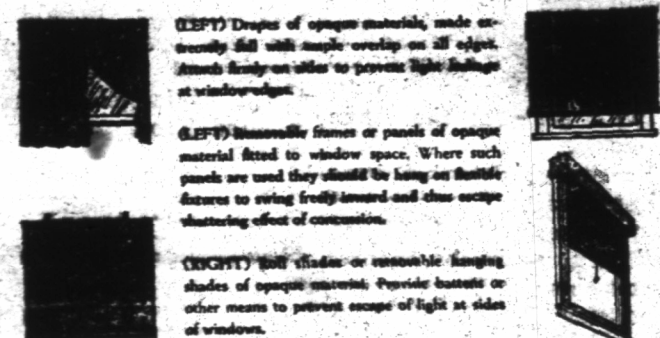
How to Blackout.... and still have LIGHT for safety and comfort!



Civilian Defense Authorities advise:

1. Select an escape route where the family may assemble during a blackout. Consider size of room, adequacy of furnishings and access to kitchen, bathroom and hall.
2. Arrange installations for complete blocking out of all windows, curtains and skylights in the selected room, employing one of the officially approved methods recommended by Civilian Defense Authorities.
3. Provide your blackout space with ample lighting facilities so that family activities may continue... games for the children, reading and other diversions for the adults. Light and occupation help banish fear.
4. Simple, easy to use blackout devices are preferable. Build them so that they can be quickly utilized or applied. In the absence of air raid alarms, live as you are accustomed to live.

RECOMMENDED BLACKOUT METHODS



* * RECOMMENDED BLACKOUT MATERIALS * *

GENUINE BUILDING PAPER or other completely opaque paper, fibreglass or cardboard.
BLACK TWEED
BLACK SALICA
AWNING FABRIC OR DUCK CLOTH
COMPOSITION-TREATED CLOTH
BLACK COTTON FLANNEL
BLACK SATIN
JEAN CLOTH
DENIM
Use only tested quality of these materials, fully light proof.

ASK FOR HANDBOOK
Ask at any P. G. & E. office for handbook of plans and specifications for blackout preparation of your home. For official answer to your questions call your local Civilian Defense Council.

P.G. & E.
PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

Personals

(Continued from page 4)

gathering consisting of his mother, Mrs. Mitty Tobiasen, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Overhulse, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Overhulse, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Overhulse, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Morris, Mrs. Belle Alderson, and David Tobiasen.

Mrs. Ida M. Theurer gave a bridge luncheon for eight guests at the Colonial Terrace on Friday.

Word has been received from Dallas, Texas, that Robert Clappett, brother of Donald Clappett and Mrs. Martin Flavin, and son of Mrs. F. W. Clappett, is seriously ill.

His wife, Peggy Clappett, arrived on the peninsula yesterday, from where she immediately took a plane to Dallas.

Mrs. Janet Prentiss returned to Carmel Sunday, after a long stay in the East where she divided her time between her home state, Vermont, and New York.

While here, she has been the guest of Mrs. Matie Coppuck. Carmel old timers will remember her as the first lady to smile at them from over the dutch doors of the Cinderella Shop.

BLOCK WARDENS TO GET TRAINING COURSE

Malcolm Tarpey, chief warden of CD in Carmel, has called a meeting of block leaders of Precinct No. 3 to take a training course at Sunset School Tuesday evening of next week at 8 p. m.

Rowntree Wants City Bastile in Forest Theatre

(Continued from page 1)

gestion into the horrified air. Anyway, the council is going to look into everything that Mrs. Rowntree so ably bombarded it with, and the possibility of using the Forest Theater will be considered by the CD officials.

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY JANE WILLIAMS

Deceased.

No. 7376

NOTICE OF HEARING PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL: LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION WITH WILL ANNEXED

A document purporting to be the last will and testament of MARY JANE WILLIAMS, deceased, having been produced and filed in this court, together with a petition for probate thereof, and for Letters of Administration with will annexed, to be granted and issued to MARY F. C. WILLIAMS, said petition is hereby set for hearing by the Court on Monday, the 18th day of March, 1942, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the courtroom of said court, in the courthouse at Salinas, Monterey County, California, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said will and file objections in writing to the granting of said petition.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the Superior Court this 24th day of February, 1942.

C. F. JOY, Clerk
By Virginia Summers,
(COURT SEAL) Deputy
SHELBURN ROBISON and
EBEN WHITTLESEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner
Date of First Publication—February 26, 1942.
Date of Last Publication—March 13, 1942.

Friends will be interested to learn of the safe arrival in Santa Fe, of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lehman, after their long trip across the desert. From Santa Fe, they went on to Colorado Springs.

Mary Helen Alexander gave a breakfast last Sunday morning to cheer Carl Von Salza and Royden Martin during their last day in civilian uniform. Monday the 2nd they became members of Uncle Sam, Inc. Mary Helen's guests were Elizabeth Houghton, Katie Martin, Gretchen Neikirk, Joe Mora, Stan Carson and, of course, the two guests of honor. And if you've never tasted Southern fried chicken, biscuits and honey as they should be prepared, you have not lived.

Mrs. L. J. Hudson and her niece Mary Riley, drove to San Francisco on Wednesday, went city gazing on Thursday and will return home this afternoon.

Janie Otto and Marjorie Warren have a new boarder staying with them in the house on El camino. It is the Miss Edlon who has taken Lucian Scott's position as dramatics teacher at the High School.

We've heard that Beth Frelson's father, though well over seventy, has gone back into active medical practice. This should be an inspiration to all of us, knowing that there are men like Dr. Murphy.

The Musical Art Club on Tuesday evening March 10, will be held in the lounge at the Del Monte Hotel. The Brass Choir, consisting of twenty members, is coming in from San Jose for the program which is being entirely furnished by the San Jose State College.

Mrs. Inez Robinson, wife of Captain A. G. Robinson, is still in Carmel visiting her sister, Mrs. Michael Abbot. Captain Robinson is in command of a ship somewhere in the Asiatic.

Sergeant Joe Schoeninger came down from the Presidio of San Francisco to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, on the Point over the week-end.

The Rev. and Mrs. F. John Scroggie have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rayne of Hatton Fields. The Scroggies arrived in America about 15 months ago and have been touring the states, lecturing on war in England. They arrived in Carmel Friday, and on Sunday, the Reverend Scroggie was introduced to the congregation at the Church of the Wayfarer. They left Carmel this week and are returning to England by way of Canada.

All the while that Dr. Theodore Burnett has been recovering from his last operation, due to the lack of specialized help, Mrs. Burnett has taken the job of nurse into her own hands. Dr. Burnett, former professor of psychology at the University of California, has been ill for sometime, and is now under the care of Dr. Spencer Hoyt, Dr. J. B. McCarthy, and Dr. R. Williams.

About a dozen girls around town are aware of the fact that Speirs Ruskell is now national defending in Mississippi. They sympathize with him when he tells of the horrible cold, the snow and ice, and the effect it has upon his California-thinned blood. But then most girls sympathize with Speirs about anything.

With a sigh of regret, Mrs. Eva Douglass reports that her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Elliot, and her little granddaughter, Virginia, have left Carmel, and have returned to their home in Alameda. But then, briskly clearing her throat, she adds that she received a telephone call Saturday night from New Orleans and her son, Scott. He reports that all is fine in the army, but that any time he may leave for an unknown destination.

Barbara Babcock, small but precious daughter of the C. Stanton Babcocks, celebrated her fifth birthday last Friday with a juvenile shindig, the fun of which was shared by the minute hostess with a handful of her small friends. Crunching the goodies that inevitably appear at such a time were the Misses Sandra Sowell, Phyllis Burnett, Mary Ann Odell, Rose Warrmann, Carol Ann Rice, and Gretchen Herron. The beaming mothers were later served tea by Mrs. Babcock.

Taking a hint from the swallows, Mr. and Mrs. David Scripps left with their son, Arthur, for the south, mainly Los Angeles, where they will spend a month or more.

Among those in the junior department at Yosemite Badger Pass during the past week of freedom from school were Bill Christerson and Jim Greenan.

Sonya Noskowiak, former Carmel picture snapper and sister of Judwiga Babcock, spent last week pottering around the village, free from the hustle and bustle of her San Francisco photography studio.

Taking a small week-end glance at Carmel was Mrs. Howard Glidden of Berkeley. Mrs. Glidden is the sister of Mrs. Theodore Burnett.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DR. T. GRANT PHILLIPS
Chiropractor
Colonic Irrigations
Leidig Apts., Dolores Street
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Unwanted HAIR Permanently
Removed by Modern Method
of
MULTIPLE ELECTROLYSIS
Anthony Beauty Salon
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Classified Ads

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

EXCEPTIONAL RENTAL VALUES

Furnished Cottages and Houses
MICHAEL ABBOTT
Licensed Real Estate Broker
Dolores near Ocean Tel. 1940

HELP WANTED

WANTED: A good reliable man to supply customers with Rawleigh Products in Carmel and Nearby. Write Rawleigh's, Dep. CAB-455-127, Oakland, Calif. (8)

MISCELLANEOUS

EXPERT WORK—Floors cleaned and waxed—have my own electric polisher—also do painting—and repairing. G. Ricketson. Phone 924. Box 1272, Carmel. (tf)

FOR RENT

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS with private entrance. Also use of garage. \$20 a month. Tel. 760-R. (10)

RENTALS—ROOMS—REAL ESTATE—Call Mrs. Douglas, Tel. 707. (tf)

ROCK COTTAGE 6 miles up Carmel Valley. 2 rooms with fireplace, bath. Adults preferred. Tel. 614. (tf)

WORK WANTED

Kind and understanding practical nurse will care for patient in her home—sunny place with lovely view. Also nursing by day or week. Telephone 4863—Mrs. Hart. (6-8)

Buy Bonds

Joy Thompson, who went to Hollywood with Anne Loos six months ago, visited her sister, Mrs. Basil Coghlan, this week. She is looping around by San Francisco on her way back to the south.

Be considerate—Be thoughtful—Buy Carmel—

You can expect—and you will get—Perfect service from these Carmel Stations
Gas—Oil—Washing—Greasing

TEXACO and GOODRICH Products

BURGESS AUTO SERVICE
N.E. Cor. San Carlos and 7th

CARMEL AUTO SERVICE

Charles M. Childers
Lubrication, Washing
Steam Cleaning
Standard Oil Products
MISSION AND SIXTH

UNION SERVICE

Tires, Batteries
Washington, Lubrication
N. W. Cor. San Carlos and 6th

DINING OUT TODAY?

Restaurants

COOKSLEY'S
Fountain & Restaurant
Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner
Dolores at Seventh

HOME COOKED MEALS 40c
Steaks, Chicken or Turkey Dinners
50c

BISHOP'S

6th and San Carlos, Carmel

NORMANDY INN

FEATURING THE BUFFET TABLE
Breakfasts, Lunches, Dinners
Ocean Avenue and Monte Verde

ASIA INN

American and Chinese Dishes
Dolores near Seventh

The Blue Bird

Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner
Ocean Avenue near Lincoln

STEVE'S CHOP HOUSE

Colorful... Delightful
Lincoln and Sixth

Restaurants with Tap Rooms

Sade's

Charcoal Steaks
Ocean near Monte Verde

WHITNEY'S

Continental Dining Room
Ocean Avenue

DE LOE TAP ROOM

Sandwiches Served
Ocean near Library

BUS SCHEDULE: CARMEL VALLEY

Starting Monday, March 9, the schedule will be:

Monday—leave Carmel Garage at 10 a. m. Leave Carmel Valley at 2 p. m. Leave Carmel Garage at 2 p. m. Leave Carmel Valley at 4:30 p. m.

Tuesday—Leave Carmel Garage at 10 a. m. Leave Carmel Valley at 2:30 p. m.

Wednesday—Same as Tuesday.

Thursday—Same as Tuesday.

Friday—Leave Carmel Garage at 10 a. m. Leave Carmel Valley at 4:30 p. m.

I say, old man

where might I find decent lodgings hereabouts?

Beautiful Highlands Inn
European Plan
Rates \$3.50 to \$6.00 per day
—Per Couple—
4 miles South of Carmel
on State Highway No. 1

Seventh and Lincoln
Telephone Carmel 800

La Ribera

"Home of Hospitality"

Rates from \$3
European Plan

Rider Carmel Apartment Hotel

Permanent
and
Overnight

Fourth and Dolores
Telephone 1758

Announcing . . .

NIELSEN'S CASH AND CARRY DEPARTMENT

THE LOWEST PRICES IN TOWN

Featuring

Stokely's
Fine Foods



PEAS, med. lg. can, 2 for **29c**

TOMATOES, No. 2½, 2 for **35c**

CORN, large can **13c**

GREEN LIMAS, No. 2 . . . **14c**

ASPARAGUS, No. 1, 2 for **25c**

WAX BEANS, No. 2, 2 for **33c**

Apple Sauce, No. 2 . . 2 for **25c**

TOMATO CATSUP . 2 for **27c**

Grapefruit Juice, No. 2 **10c**

Tomato Juice, 46 oz. size **20c**



STOKELY'S BABY FOODS
4 for 23c

Stokely's Pears, 2½ size . . **25c** Stokely's Nectarines, 2½ size **27c**

Stokely's Peaches, 2½ size **25c** Stokely's Plums, 2½ size **20c**

Stokely's Peaches, free . . **25c**



Mixed Veg. Salad, No. 2 can, 3 for **25c**

SWIFT CORN BEEF **25c**

DUNBAR SHRIMPS **19c**

OPEN HOUSE BLEACH, qt. . . **12c**

Swift Corn Beef Hash 2 for **45c**

OPEN HOUSE BLEACH, ½ gal **20c**

Stock up now while these low prices last.

NIELSEN BROS.

Dolores Near Seventh

Telephones: 963 - 964